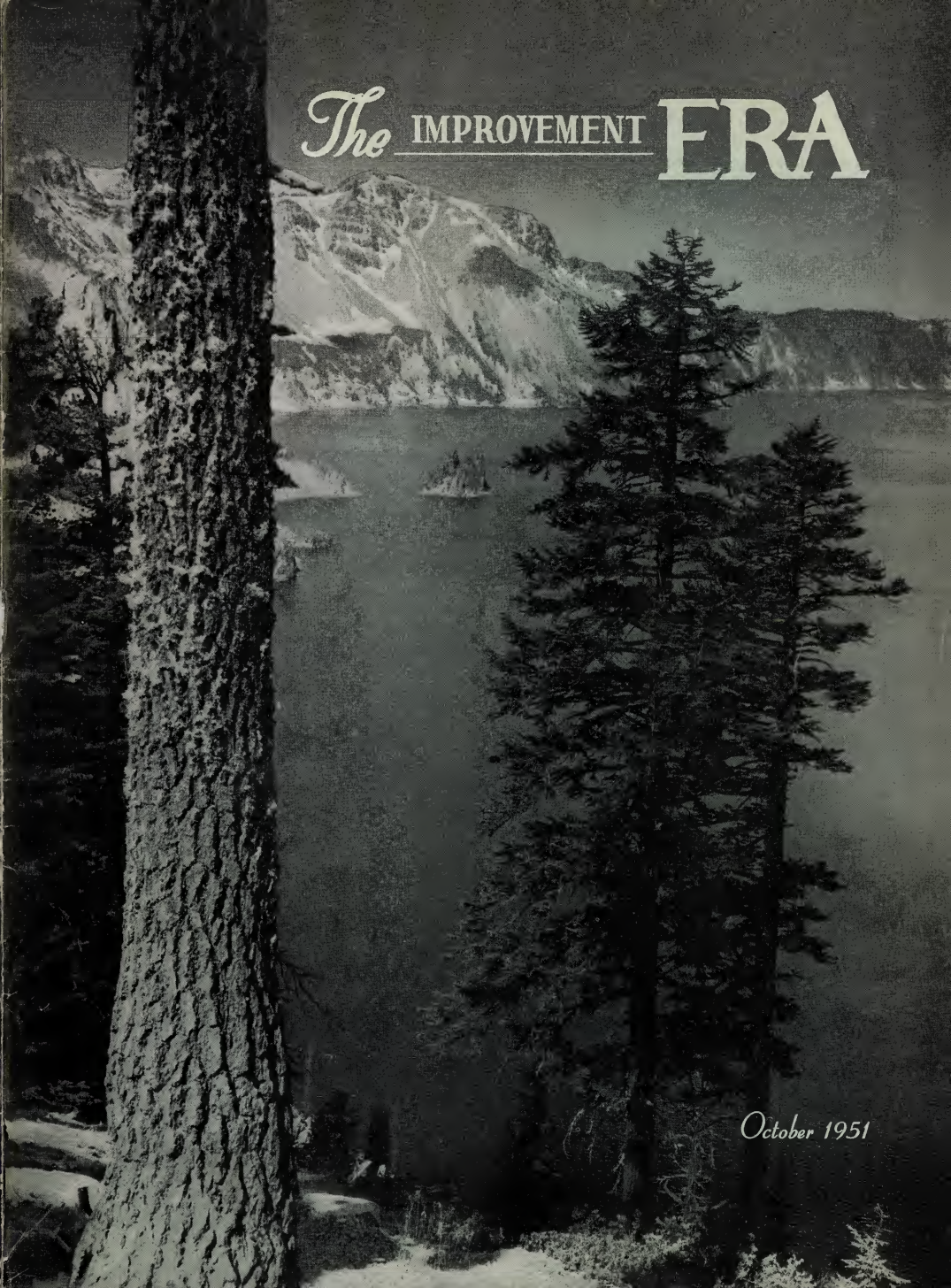

The IMPROVEMENT ERA
October 1951

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By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

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APPLES have been matured as much as thirty days earlier with the aid of a new synthetic plant hormone, 2, 3, 5-T.

A METAL which shrinks instead of expands with heating has been discovered as a by-product of polonium.

TERRAMYCIN is a new antibiotic drug. It is active against whooping cough, pneumonia, gas gangrene infections, post-irradiation infections, scrub typhus, Q fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, rickettsialpox, amebiasis, and possibly influenza.

A NEW ice-breaking ferryboat, the *Abegweit*, has been built to cut through the ice floes up to twenty feet thick in Northumberland Strait between Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick in Canada. This all-welded diesel-electric ship has two of its four propellers located near the bow, to suck out water from under the ice and cause the floes to weaken under pressure of their own weight.

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BROWN OCTOBER

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM

Head of Political Science Department, University of Utah

I AM writing this column on the warm, humid evening of August 6, nearly two months before you, the readers (if any there be), see these lines in print. The editors want something lively, of current interest, capable of interpretation for the era of mankind's improvement in which we work and dwell. Accordingly, I usually endeavor to select a large theme, indicative of a slow ground swell, that will "break" or still have some interest by the time the magazine is in print. Sometimes events of more than passing interest will bear comment months and years after their occurrence. But this month, I'm going to share a few observations as they occur to me on this summer night, and then endeavor to relate them as they, in turn, will or may strike you in the crisp day's of brown October. For both of us, they represent the phenomena of these times; the events through which we move towards destiny.

* * * *



The effort to arrange the cease-fire in Korea was headline news on August 6, 1951. How do Korea and Asia look to you tonight? To me, it seemed quite obvious that Mr. Truman's administration was most anxious to clear the matter up and go into the election year without the bitter bite of hot war—all of which reflects a fundamental truth: If the leaders of all nations had to face their peoples periodically for a return to power, they might be forced to consider policies in the light (or the darkness) which those peoples reflect. How brightly is *your* light shining this October day, and with what intent? (General MacArthur's candle will probably still be sputtering and not completely faded.)

* * * * *

I should think that by the time these words reach you, the pressure between rising prices and rearmament will have produced some interesting effects. On the one hand, we shall have been told we cannot and must not let our guard down—and this will mean increased government spending for arms, at home and abroad. The fate of Mr. Acheson's suggestion of twenty-five billions for rearming American allies, in addition to our own establishment, will have been part of this story. And, as the people of America come streaming back to work and to school from the Labor Day weekend, the pressure of rising prices, plus whatever the Korean situation may have produced, may have done something interesting to the "guard."

* * * * *

Whether or not Mr. Mossadegh and the Iranian Majlis (parliament) have come to terms with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and the British government, may have pushed Korea far into limbo by the time October conference adjourns. As a footnote, we may have had something of a lesson in whether sauce (nationalization) for the British goose, is also sauce (nationalization) for the Iranian gander, and how, or in what measure.

* * * *

Potpourri: Footballs filling the air will remind some that in August, ninety cadets at West Point were suspended for cheating in examinations, including most of the academy's football team. This (provided the discipline has been carried out and that we have been spared a Hollywood-like finish in which the "poor boys" were forgiven, after tears), plus the dismissal of Brigadier General D. J. Crawford as commander of the Detroit tank arsenal, will have suggested that moral discipline survives in the United States army, despite its envelopment in a society either over-tolerant or over-informed of royal pastel mink coats, deep-freezes, and the "influence business." We will regret that ninety of the select youth of the land may have had to suffer because of their elders' and contemporaries' worship of material delight in Saturday gladiatorial combat—in the land of Kefauver investigations. But we may hope that their sacrifice and sorrow (I presume there has been sorrow) may touch us, high and low. It is, of course, ironic, that athletic scandals will draw more public attention than the memorial service for young little Private Jones who got caught by a sniper's bullet

(*Concluded on page 767*)

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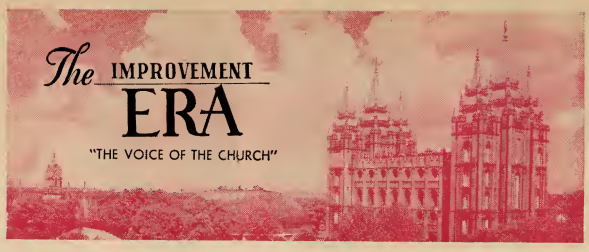


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The Cover

CRATER LAKE AND PHANTOM SHIP

This spectacular photograph of Crater Lake and Phantom Ship is the work of Sumner from Monkmeyer. From Kerr Notch, Oregon, the photograph was taken, looking southwest over the lake, lying in the center of an extinct volcano, to Garfield Peak in the southwest.

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AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Fellow Church Member,

"KEEP all the truth you have and then let us explain some of the things that have been revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith that will make your life richer," was the approach that President Smith made to people not of our faith. As he repeated that statement in general conference, I saw myself saying it to the girl my son intends to marry and asking myself, "Would there be any chance to make her believe that we could show her the way to make her life richer?"

Next, I saw what would happen five minutes later, when the closing song was announced. Yes, it happened. Before the announcement of the song was complete, the exodus had begun—the rushing for doors, the complete breaking up, at least at the rear of the Tabernacle, of the spirit of the meeting, of the inspiring impromptu address that President Smith had just delivered.

I visualized her sitting there beside me. But would I ever dare even to ask her to sit beside me? She would be horrified—she who had been brought up in a church where reverence is of supreme importance.

My thoughts went back to my former bishop in another state, who has a few bars of music played after the last "Amen," while the full congregation remains silently seated, to the time when he told the story of his father's refusal to become a member of the Church. Evidently converted by his wife, and willing to support his son on a mission, he still refused to become a member because the actions of too many members were not in keeping with the teachings of the Church. Without condoning his father's attitude, my bishop finished the story by saying, "Somebody was keeping my father out of the Church."

And then he asked the congregation, "Are you keeping anyone out of the Church?" Since then I have asked myself that question many times. Probably sometime I have kept someone out of the Church—I hope it wasn't permanently. I am probably to blame for my son's willingness to marry outside the Church.

But, even so, you wouldn't sit back and tell me, "It serves you right." If you had any idea that *you* could be the person to make a sweet young girl decide whether or not she would become interested in our Church, you would not hesitate—you would know what action you must take.

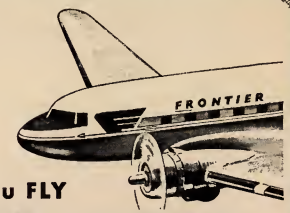
I am trying to piece together the groundwork that will sometime soon lead my son's fiancee to the Tabernacle or to one of our chapels. I believe that in the not-too-distant future she will choose to attend one of our services. She doesn't live in Utah; I do not know where she will choose to go. But wherever it may be, I need your cooperation. I am speaking to *you,* to each member of the Church, wherever you may be. When at last she decides to join us in worship, please do not let her feel the lack of anything uplifting that she has known in her own church. Please remember to be reverent. Please don't keep my lovely daughter-in-law-to-be out of the Church.

Hopefully yours,

A mother



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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

July 1951

20 A LETTER went from the First Presidency requesting that each of the 345 quorums of seventy make available at least three of their members to receive calls to the mission field. The seventies, whose commission is to "preach the gospel," will replace the missionaries now completing their missions. Because of the draft, these men cannot be replaced by other young men.

25 MRS. Winnifred C. Jardine and Mrs. Ann C. Larson were released as members of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association general board.

30 LANDSCAPING for the Parley P. Pratt Memorial Park near Van Buren, Arkansas, where the Apostle was buried following his assassination in 1857, began.

Canadian Leadership Week, directed by Brigham Young University faculty members, began at Raymond, Alberta. It continued through August 3.

L. R. Ivins, president of the second quorum of elders in Yale Ward, Bonneville (Salt Lake City) Stake, won the first All-Church golf tournament. The meet was played at the Fort Douglas links.

August 1951

3 ELDER Ross L. Covington was set apart as a missionary while acting as a chaplain in the armed forces by Elder Joseph F. Merrill of the Council of the Twelve. He is the tenth L. D. S. chaplain now serving in the armed forces. The others are Theodore E. Curtis, Jr., Warren Richard Nelson, Timothy J. Irons, Leon H. Flint, Lyman C. Berrett, Kay Schwendimann, William H. Green, Lawrence Rast, and Grant Mann. Chaplain Mann is serving in the air force; the others are with the army.

5 PRESIDENT Stephen L Richards of the First Presidency dedicated the chapel of the Edmonton (Alberta) Branch, Western Canadian Mission.

8 STATISTICS announced by the Mutuals showed that on June 1, 1951 there were:

Y. M. M. I. A. enrolment	86,875
Y. W. M. I. A. enrolment	100,915
Stake and ward leaders	38,830

During the 1950-51 Mutual year there were:

Ward and department socials	32,575
Ward dances	19,604
Drama presentations	4,057
Public addresses, stories, debates, and readings	24,165

It was announced that the first M Men-Gleaner Achievement Scroll went to Hyrum First Ward, Hyrum (Utah) Stake, for having more than seventy-five percent of all persons of M Men-Gleaner age in the ward active.

9 THE annual pageant *America's Witness for Christ* was begun at the Hill Cumorah, Palmyra, New York. Attendance on this first night was twenty-five thousand. The pageant is a yearly event, with dates fixed with the dark of the moon, so that the out-of-doors floodlighting will be most effective.

10 PRESIDENT and Mrs. David O. McKay arrived in Palmyra and joined the thirty thousand people who saw the second presentation of the Book of Mormon pageant.

11 NEARLY forty thousand persons saw the final performance of *America's Witness for Christ*, at Hill Cumorah.

Primary Associations throughout the Church marked the seventy-third anniversary of the founding of that organization.

Stake conference sessions began today and tomorrow, after the usual six-week vacation period.

12 PRESIDENT Stephen L Richards of the First Presidency dedicated the chapel of the Thirteenth Ward, University (Salt Lake City) Stake.

Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Rawlins Branch, Lyman (Wyoming) Stake.

An all-day testimony meeting was held in the Sacred Grove by the missionaries of the Eastern States Mission. The meeting was attended by President and Mrs. David O. McKay.

13 THE genealogical society of the Church opened its doors after a summer recess in which they had moved into a new addition to their building at 80 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

14 PLANS were announced in Los Angeles for the expansion of the L. D. S. seminary program for high school students there. The program was begun in the fall of 1950. This year twenty-five classes will be offered in various wards near the high schools.

16 THE first of a series of five M. I. A. institutes was held in the Lincoln Ward chapel for the following stakes of the Salt Lake area: Bonneville, Davis, East Millcreek, East Riverside, Granite, Grant Highland, Hillside, Liberty, Monument Park, Park, Pioneer, Riverside, Salt Lake, South Davis, South Salt Lake, South Summit, Sugar House, Wells, and Murray. The institutes will be given in the place of the stake conventions where many stakes are situated near each other.

The library of collected songs of the late Emma Lucy Gates Bowen was given to the University of Utah library by her husband, Elder Albert E. Bowen of the Council of the Twelve. Earlier in the week Brigham Young University library received her collection of opera, oratorio, and various other music.

18 PLASTIC bound copies of the Book of Mormon were announced. The new pliable plastic cover is glued rather than stitched, and the book is printed on a slightly different stock of paper. These economies will permit copies to be sold by missionaries again for fifty cents each.

The centennial observance of the establishment of the Swiss-German Mission of the Church was held on this and the following day at Logan, Utah. Dr. John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve represented the General Authorities. Other speakers were Elders Walter Stover and Jean Wunderlich, former presidents of German speaking missions. Music was furnished by the two-hundred-voice German L. D. S. Choir of Salt Lake City and the Eidelweiss Swiss Chorus, also of Salt Lake City.

19 ELDER Julius B. Papa was advanced from second to first counselor and Elder Wilbur F. Mills was sustained as second counselor to President Harry E. McClure of the Gridley (California) Stake. Elder Loren A. Stoddard was released as first counselor.

Why Do People Write These Wonderful Letters About The Family Reading Club?

HERE are but a few of the hundreds of enthusiastic letters which the Family Reading Club has received from its members! These came straight from the hearts of people who are *proud* to belong to a fine book club that brings them *clean, wholesome* books of genuine literary merit *at bargain prices*—books that are *without sensationalism*, yet delightful to read! Why don't you, too, join this great family of book lovers while the Family Reading Club offer explained below is still open?

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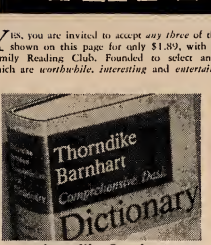
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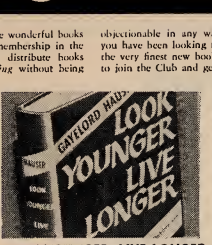
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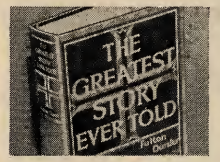
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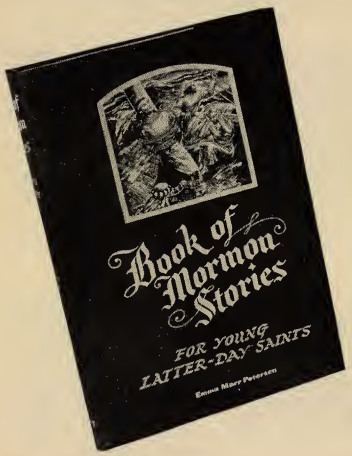
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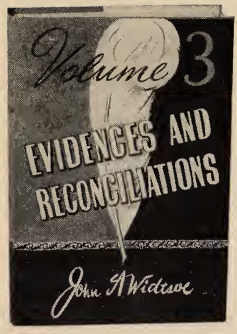
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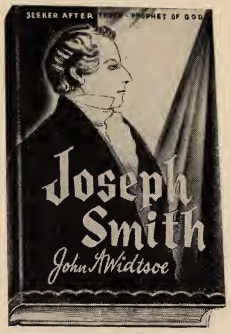
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Barren Hill

Once there was beauty on this barren hill.
A tree stood here and wrestled with the sky.
Angry and stubborn, challenging the weather,
It battled for its being with a wry,
Tenacious wrath against all easy living,
Against all pliant, yielding ways of life.
It fought the rain. It struggled with the storm.
It beat against the wind with swirling strife.
Almost it made its native earth a foe,
Scorning the scanty sustenance it drew
From rocky contradiction. Friendless and free,
Fed by its own integrity it grew.

A lightning stroke defeated it. The blaze
Shriveled the sky as the fierce flame descended.
Now bland suns beam upon the barren tree,
And there is only peace, with beauty ended.

By
Jane H.
Merchant



—Photograph by Eva Luoma

Poetry

RIVER AT MY WINDOW

By Dorothy J. Roberts

Far from the liquid tones, the roar cascading
Over the stream bed, sloping suddenly,
I listen to a different, stronger current
And find peace lifted in the sound to me.

Wide is the river racing past my window,
River of sound which grooves the quiet night;
Swift is the river on the gray macadam—
Pierced with sirens, flecked with colored light;

River of steel which carries living cargo,
Gay or grim, to some desired retreat.
Vital is the torrent where my rest is pillowed,
Where food flows to our hunger, safe and fleet.

Men have loved the sound of rushing waters,
Have found lost slumber at the swift stream's edge,
Have shed their weariness beside its thunder
Or known joy, hearing waves among the sedge.

But I have loved the city's vein of traffic,
Coursing unmuted by a grim command,
And I am glad as men by mountain streamlets
For life, unfettered, throbbing through the land.

CHILD ON A BEACH

By Eleanor A. Chaffee

He hears a note that no one else can hear.
The others look toward dim horizons, see
Written in water, changing and yet clear,
The transient record of man's destiny.
But this small boy, intent with pail and sand,
Quietly aware of tide and wave,
Half listens as within his chubby hand
He shapes new elements, remote and grave.
He sees no enemy beyond the mist;
This is his world where he alone is king.
A rope of sand is all that weights his wrist;
The only shadow is a high gull's wing.
O tiny architect, what wisdom lies
Hidden and secret, in your clear young eyes!

BALANCE

By Ethelyn M. Kincher

For every lovely flower
A weed grows in the sun,
And every hour of brightness
Sees clouds that have begun.
For laughter there is sorrow;
For a smile there comes a tear;
The good and ill must balance
Along each day and year;
For God knows well the beauty
In hearts and flowers and lives
Is best appreciated
Where contrasts make us wise.

HALLOWE'EN

By Lloyd C. Lewis

The night is black, and witches prowl
Beyond my barricaded room;
Their stealthy steps and whispering
Forewarn me of impending doom.

What cruel fate have they devised,
What ransom must I pay,
To make them mount their brooms and ride
In search of other prey?

At last, a knocking at my door!
It brooks of no delay,
Their gruesome faces leer at me,
"It's trick or treat," they say.

Then they troop into my parlor,
And they giggle with delight,
When I fill their bags with treasure
And kiss each one goodnight.



—Religious News Service Photo

INDIAN TIME

By Manfred A. Carter

I waited there in sagebrush loneliness
For Indians who mourned among gray poles
Instead of stones, and passing hours were less
Than that old shadow time that slowly rolls.
Tin towns, speed cars, and marbles in the banks
Are toys, when men have lived with blowing sand
And measured years by horizontal ranks
Of praying pillars, never touched by hand.

We learn that calm old tribesmen will not rush
To buy and sell by minute-ticking sound,
But they have learned to hear the desert hush
And read eternity upon the ground.
They hear the Old Ones speaking in slow rhyme,
Above the white man's tinkling, measured time.

AUTUMN-GOLD

By Inez Sheldon Tyler

(A tribute to Edna St. Vincent Millay)

Although you loved spring-silver when the leaves
Take shape upon the bough, yet you loved best
The autumn-gold when nature interweaves
Rich Persian tapestries, earth's liveliest.
You yearned for salty days with sea winds blowing,
Yet cherished every friendly Berkshire hill;
They all but cry with color at your going,
Gilded, aflame, though standing calm and still.

Lover of beauty, worn perhaps with faring,
Weaver of dreams upon the harp of life,
Know that the world you would hold close is caring;
Dawn's eagerness and noonday's headlong strife. . . .
Too vivid blooming on a tortured stem. . . .
Merge tranquil, lulled by evening's requiem!

HARVEST FIELDS

By Florence Jansson

The harvest fields have offered up their grain;
Their pledge is paid. Their summer's work, now done,
Relates a splendid miracle of rain
Combined with fertile soil and warmth of sun.
Their garnered shocks serenely testify
That through the course of days there runs a plan
In all the elements from earth to sky,
In every season's brief, allotted span.

The placid fields deny chaotic force;
A kind assurance lingers in their spread;
Throughout the years they hold their steady course
And offer rich, unfailing gifts of bread.
Their quietude, their deep, productive sod
Translate to man the gracious love of God.

PATCHWORK QUILT

By Alice R. Rich

September made her exit, her paint job done complete,
As bustling October breezed in on chilly feet;
The restless leaves talked lightly of magic days ahead,
Then wove a patchwork quilt for warmth and settled down in bed.

FROST

By Gay Winquist

He strikes his tinder; maples flare;
And hillsides sheet with flame;
And only Summer's children dare
To call the knave by name:
A whited sepulchre, a fraud,
An arsonist—a liar,
Who goes appareled like a god,
To set the trees on fire.



"And the Tongue Is a Fire"

By President David O. McKay

" . . . If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.

"Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body.

"Behold also the ships, which though they be so great and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth.

"Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

"And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell.

"For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind:

"But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.

"Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God.

"Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be.

"Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?

"Can the fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? either a vine, figs? so can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh.

"Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? let him shew out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom.

"But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth.

"This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.

"For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

"But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

"And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace." (James 3:2-18.)

So wrote the Apostle James many hundred years ago, but I feel that, like all truth, what he expresses in these lines is applicable today. The tongue is but a little member, yet a most effective means of giving wings to our thoughts and of influencing one another.

Then let us speak well of everyone when we can do it truthfully!

"Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And, oh, to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind."

"Nay, Speak No Ill"—*Anonymous*

Then, say you, would you not speak of evil conditions? Must we not raise our voice in denouncing conditions and men who are bringing evil upon us? Yes, speak of conditions; but do not falsely revile the character of men. We cannot do it as true Latter-day Saints; we must rise above it. There is a trait in the heart of the world to pick at their fellow men. Emerson says that so pronounced is this tendency that an accident cannot happen in the street without the bystanders becoming animated with a faint hope that the victim will die. We cannot encourage that tendency. As James says, it is from the earth—sensual, devilish.

(*Concluded on following page*)

The Editor's Page

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

We must not pick out that which will tear down a brother's character, nor the character of the city, the state, or the nation. O let us be true to our nation! There is reason to be true to it.

If we see a condition in a town that endangers the life of our fellow citizens, we meet that condition. If it is a washout, a cave, a hole in the roadway, there is a warning lamp or sign placed there to keep the travelers from falling into it, and as soon as possible the dangerous condition is remedied. That is proper.

You will remember when Napoleon's cuirassiers made the fatal charge against Wellington, that there lay between them and the English soldiers a sunken road. Napoleon stood away off and could not see it. He had asked a man if there were any obstacles and had received no as the answer; trusting to that, he gave the command for the brigade to charge. The "Invincible Column" rushed on, until they came, it is said, to a sunken road, and then horse and rider piled one upon another till the whole abyss was filled with a living debris that made a bridge of the broken bodies of horse and man.

There are, perhaps, sunken roads in our communities. Let us see them and not stand off and say that they are all right when our young people by the score are rushing headlong into them. It is our duty to meet these conditions, but let us do it calmly; let us do it determinedly, and take the high stand of right. Let the men whom you elect and appoint to represent you in your communities know that you desire to have these "sunken chasms" closed before more human beings are piled or dragged down to destruction. But, I repeat again, in meeting these conditions, we can take the high stand of truth.

The gospel is our anchor. We know what it stands for. And knowing this, let us do forthrightly what should be done, avoiding irresponsible gossip and evil speaking. Let us be what we should be and do what we should do—and keep control of our tongues.

What Is Science?

By John A. Widtsoe
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

SCIENCE is usually looked upon as something different from the ordinary experiences of life. This is an error. Science is a search for truth—all truth. The farmer who tries out different varieties of wheat to find the best for his use is as truly a scientist, in the larger sense, as the astronomer who, peering through the telescope, determines the number of Jupiter's satellites. It is a pity that because of the recent rapid growth of knowledge, science in the common mind has been set aside as something apart from the other affairs of life.

Dr. James B. Conant, President of Harvard University, has sought to make clear the true nature of science in his book, *Science and Common Sense*. People should talk about science in the spirit of common sense. Science is not something essentially different from the other activities of life.

Man becomes a scientist when under the impulse to know as much as possible about the things about him, he begins to seek new knowledge. Near and remote, humble and striking things may be investigated—the resulting knowledge is the body of science. To discover the principles involved in the art of dishwashing is as truly a scientific pursuit as to learn the effect of penicillin on the ailing human body. All the affairs of man may come under the purview of science.

Science asks questions. In the past, before the so-called scientific age, the answers to questions were often guesses or mere opinions. The earth was thought to be flat; planting a crop in the full of the moon would insure a full crop; some women could become witches and ride around in the air on broomsticks. That was the age of superstition.

When men moved away from speculation into dependable knowledge, science was born.

The method of science is indeed the one distinguishing characteristic of science. The answers that men seek must come from nature, not from the opinions of men. That is often called the experimental method.

Newton was studying light. He darkened his room, made a slit in a window blind, placed a glass prism in the path of the entering beam of light, and found that light is composed of several colors.

Evidences
AND
Reconciliations
CLIX

An Answer to the Questions of Youth

Torricelli sucked the air out of a tube with one end in a basin of quicksilver. Promptly the quicksilver rose about thirty inches in the tube and remained there. If the experiment were performed on the mountaintop, the height of the quicksilver fell. Thenceforth men knew that air has weight.

Pasteur heated or otherwise destroyed life in the materials with which he worked. Soon by this experiment the doctrine of spontaneous generation was set aside for a new meaning of life.

By such rather simple experiments, most of our knowledge of the material world has been won. Occasionally a discovery is made accidentally, but generally by a series of experiments, questions of nature. That is the method of science. That is really what we mean when we speak of science.

Much of the progress of human knowledge has come through the use of discovered aids to human senses; for example, astronomy came with the telescope; biology, with the microscope; chemistry, with the balance; farming, with the plow, etc. These instruments came as results of such simple experiments as have been mentioned here.

The marvel is that answers to main questions are nearly always found. It appears that the mysteries of nature may be opened to man if he asks faithfully. The results that have followed this method of inquiry into truth are stupendous, as every civilized person well knows. Under the influence of this method of inquiry the dark ages have vanished, and men dwell more and more in light.

As such knowledge increases, man wonders why things behave as they do. With the facts at his command he sets up explanations of things and phenomena as they are, and often makes predictions of conditions to be found. However, when that is done, the seeker after truth enters the field of conjecture, hypothesis, or theory.

There can be no objection to a person reflecting upon the world of phenomena in which he finds himself, provided he always keeps in mind that he has stepped outside the field of facts and is now in the domain of fancy. Otherwise danger lurks in his procedure.

The dangerous man in science, as in religion, is the man who self-contentedly scatters a man-made theory among his fellow beings without defining it. Until a theory has become so thoroughly established by accumulated knowledge that it can claim the name of a fact, the careless use of it is dangerous to the progress of sound science.



Indeed, mature and immature scientists may usually be distinguished by their careful or careless recognition of facts as against theories. If that difference be recognized, most scientific and theological disputations would vanish. There would then be little conflict between science and religion.

The facts of science and the theories of science constitute the content of science. The one is everlastingly the same, if surrounding conditions do not change; the other changes with every newly discovered fact. The student of science should always keep this distinction in mind. Perfectly honest teachers will try not to confuse facts and theories in the minds of their students.

There is a class of persons who become so wedded to a theory of science that they will not accept it as anything but a fact. The doctrine of evolution, leading to the origin of man, still a theory, is an example of such human explanations. Such people are usually vehemently thin-skinned. They cannot discuss their pet views with the open candor of the scientific mind.

Science then, a search for truth, is part of the everyday activity of man. The searcher for truth is a scientist. The methods are those everywhere employed.

Through the years a vast array of instruments to help the searcher have been perfected. These are only extensions of the simple things used in the beginning when science was young.

Thank God for the inspiration that came to man to enlarge the circle of man's knowledge by inquiring from nature!



THE TOWER

Dear Professor F.

IN REPLY to my sustained blast of the 17th inst. you tax me with "a naive and gullible acceptance of the Tower of Babel story." I knew you would. Most people believe quite naively that Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address, but their totally uncritical acceptance of the fact does not prevent it from being true. You may accept any story naively or you may take it critically. What would you say if I were to accuse you of being very simple and gullible in *rejecting* the story of the tower? The cornerstone of "sound scholarship" in our day is the comfortable doctrine that the answer *no* can never be quite as wrong as the answer *yes*, a proposition which to my knowledge has never been demonstrated. Excuse me if I seem recalcitrant, but I find it odd that the one skill most appreciated and rewarded in those circles where one hears everlastingly of "the inquiring mind" and the importance of "finding out for one's self" is the gift and power of taking things for granted. Even our Latter-day Saint intellectuals are convinced that the way to impress the Gentiles is not to acquire a mastery of their critical tools, (how few even know Latin!), but simply to defer in all things to their opinions.

Think back, my good man, to the first act of recorded history. What meets our gaze as the curtain rises? People everywhere building towers. And why are they building towers? To get to heaven. The tower was, to use the Babylonian formula, *the markaz shame u irtisim*, the "binding-place of heaven and earth," where alone one could establish contact with the upper and lower worlds. That goes not only for Babylonia but also for the whole ancient world, as I have pointed out at merciless length in my recent study on the "Hierocentric State." The towers were artificial mountains, as any textbook will tell you, and no temple-complex could be without one. The labors of Dombart, Jeremias, Andrae, Burrows, and others shall spare us the pains of showing you these towers scattered everywhere throughout the old world as a means of helping men get to heaven.[8]* The legends concerning them are legion, but they all fall into the same pattern: In the beginning an ambitious race of men tried to get to heaven by climbing a mountain or tower; they failed and then set out to conquer the world. A thoroughly typical version of the story is a variant found in Jewish and Christian apocryphal writers in which the sons of Seth (the angels, in some versions), eager to regain the paradise Adam had lost, went up on to Mt. Hermon, and there lived lives of religious asceticism, calling themselves "the Watchers" and "the Sons of Elohim." It was an attempt to establish the heavenly order, and it failed, the embittered colony descending the mountain to break the covenant, marry the daughters of Cain, and beget a race of "men notorious for murders and robberies." Determined to possess the earth if they could not possess heaven, the men of the mountain denied that they had failed, faked the priesthood, and forced the inhabitants of the earth to accept the kings they put over them.[9] This story you will recognize as an obvious variant of the extremely ancient and widespread Mad Hunter cycle, which I treated in an article on the origin of the state.[10] The Mad Hunter, you will recall, claimed to be the rightful ruler of the universe, challenged God to an archery contest, and built a great tower from which he hoped to shoot his arrows into heaven. Sir James Frazer has collected a large number of American Indian versions of the story to illustrate Old World parallels, for the tale is met with among primitive hunters throughout the world.[11]

In Genesis X we read that Nimrod, "the mighty hunter against the Lord,"[12] founded the kingdom of Babel, and in the next chapter that Babel was the name of the tower builded to reach to heaven. This Nimrod seems to be the original arch-type of the Mad Hunter.[13] His name is for the Jews at all times the very symbol of rebellion against God and of usurped authority; he it was "who became a hunter of men," established false priesthood and false kingship in the earth in imitation of God's rule and "made all men to sin."[14] A very early Christian writing tells how Noah's descendants waged bitter war among themselves after his death, to see who should possess his kingship; finally one of the blood of Ham prevailed, and from him the Egyptians, Babylonians, and Persians derive their priesthood and kingship. "From the race of Ham," says the text, "came one through the magical (as opposed to the holy) succession named Nimrod, who was a giant against the Lord . . . whom the Greeks call Zoroaster and who ruled the world, forcing all men by his false magical arts to recognize his authority."[15] The Chronicon Paschale reports a widespread tradition that this giant who built Babylon was not only the first king of Persia, the earthly Cosmocrator, but also the first man to teach the killing and eating of beasts,[16] a belief also expressed in the Koran.[17] There is another common tradition that Nimrod's crown was a fake, and that he ruled without right "in the earth over all the sons of Noah, and they were all under his power and counsel," while he "did not go in the ways of the Lord, and was more wicked than all the men that were before him."[18] The antiquity of these stories may be judged from an early Babylonian

*Numbers refer to bibliography at end of article.

The World Of The JAREDITES

PART II

By Hugh Nibley, Ph. D.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, HISTORY AND RELIGION, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



—*Religious News Service Photo*

GIANT OLIVE TREE NEAR THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, JERUSALEM

account of a wicked king who first "mingled small and great on the mound" and caused them to sin, earning for himself the title of "king of the noble mound" (cf. the tower), "god of lawlessness," "god of no government."[19] In the very earliest Indo-European traditions this person is Dahhak, "the type of the dregvant, the man of the Lie and the king of mad-men," who sat on the throne for a thousand years and forced all men to subscribe their names in the Book of the Dragon, thus making them subject to him.[20]

In the Book of Ether the name of Nimrod is attached to "the valley which was northward," and which led "into that quarter where there never had man been" (II:2, 5), which suits very well with the legendary character of Nimrod as the Mad Hunter of the Steppes. The name of Nimrod has always baffled philologians, who have never been able to locate it,[21] but at the end of the last century the explorer and scholar Emin found that name attached to legends (mostly of the Mad Hunter variety) and place names in the region of Lake Van, the great valley due north of upper Mesopotamia.[22] Now I am not insisting for a minute that the legendary Nimrod ever existed. As I told you before, I am only interested in the *type* of thing that happened, and after having examined hundreds of legends from all parts of the ancient world, all telling substantially the same story, I think that anyone would find it difficult, in view of the evidence, to deny that there was some common event behind them. It seems to have been a *single* event, moreover. How so? I said above that we find mounds and towers scattered throughout the whole ancient world; now I will go further and say that they are not independent local inventions but actually imitations derived ultimately from a single original. Every great national shrine of antiquity had a founding legend of how in the beginning it was brought through the air from some mysterious faraway land. And this faraway land always turns out to have been in Central Asia. Our Norse Othinn came from the giants' land to the east, the Greek national cult from the land of the Hyperboreans, far to the northeast of Greece; people of the Near East looked to a mysterious white mountain of the North as the seat of their primordial cult, the Chinese to the paradise or mountain of the West, and so forth.[23] You may list the various founding legends and trace them back at your leisure to a single point of origin. Is it not strange that the founding father and *summus deus* of each nation of antiquity is somewhere declared to be a fraud and an impostor, a wandering tramp from afar whose claims to supreme authority cannot stand a too careful examination? Think of Prometheus' challenge to Zeus, of Loki's blackmailing of Othinn, of the dubious "Justification of Osiris," of the terror of all-mighty Anu when Tiamat challenges his authority, and so forth.[24] Run down these legends, and you will find in every case that the usurper comes from Central Asia. Even Isaiah (XIV:12ff) recalls that in the beginning the adversary himself set up his throne "upon the Mountain of the Assembly in the regions of the North," and there pretended to be "like the Most High." For all this a single origin is indicated; whether historical or ritual makes little difference.

There is one aspect of the Nimrod cycle that is too interesting to pass by, especially for an anthropologist. That is the tradition of the stolen garment.

The Stolen Garment

Nimrod claimed his kingship on the grounds of victory over his enemies;[25] his priesthood, however, he claimed by virtue of possessing "the garment of Adam." The Talmud assures us that it was by virtue of owning this garment that Nimrod was able to claim the power to rule over the whole earth, and that he sat in his tower while men came and worshiped him.[26] The Apocryphal writers, Jewish and Christian, have a good deal to say about this garment. To quote one of them: "the garments of skin which God made for Adam and his wife when they went out of the garden and were given after the death of Adam . . . to Enoch"; hence they passed to Methusaleh, and then to Noah, from whom Ham stole them as the people were leaving the ark. Ham's grandson Nimrod obtained them from his father Cush.[27] As for the *legitimate* inheritance of this clothing, a very old fragment recently discovered says that Michael "disrobed Enoch of his earthly

(*Continued on following page*)

(*Continued from preceding page*)

garments, and put on him his angelic clothing," taking him into the presence of God.[28] This garment of Enoch was supposed to be the very garment of skins that John the Baptist wore, called by the Early Christians "the garment of Elias."[29] An Arabic "Life of John the Baptist" says that Gabriel brought it to John from heaven as "the garment of Elijah"; "it went back," says John Chrysostome, "to the beginning of the world, to the times before which Adam required covering. Thus it was the symbol of repentance."[30] Others believed it was the same garment that Herod and later the Romans put under lock and key when they wished to prevent the people from putting it on a candidate of their own choice, and tell how the Jews tried to seize the garment by force and put it on John the Baptist, thus making him, instead of Herod, their high priest.[31] Whatever its origin, the wearing of a garment of repentance, symbolic of the life of man in his fallen state was known to the most ancient Christians and practised by certain ultra-conservative cults down to modern times.[32]

Incidentally the story of the stolen garment as told by the old rabbis, including the great Eleazer, calls for an entirely different rendering of the strange story in Genesis IX from the version in our King James Bible. They seemed to think that the *'erwath* of Genesis IX:22 did not mean "nakedness" at all, but should be given its primary root meaning of "skin covering." As they read it, Ham took the garment of his father while he was sleeping and showed it to his brethren, Shem and Japheth, who took a pattern or copy of it (*salmah*) or else a woven garment like it (*simlah*) which they put upon their own shoulders, returning the skin garment to their father. Upon awaking, Noah recognized the priesthood of the two sons, but cursed the son who tried to rob him of his garment.[33] This is, apparently, the source of the widespread legend that Ham stole the garment of Noah and claimed to possess the priesthood by virtue of his illegal insignia. Ham's descendants, Cush and Nimrod—both Africans, though Nimrod in his wandering moved to Asia[34]—made the same claim. It is interesting that according to certain ancient scriptures which the Latter-day Saints claim have been restored by revelation in our own age, Pharaoh (who represents the Afro-Asian line of Cush-Nimrod) "was blessed as to the kingship but cursed as to the priesthood," and he offered Abraham the privilege of wearing his own royal insignia in hope that Abraham would return the compliment by allowing Pharaoh to wear his priestly ones.[35] There is a good deal of Egyptian material dealing with this custom of a royal exchange of garments and honors, but there is no time to go into it here—I only want to call attention to the fact that we are actually moving in a world of established patterns and familiar concepts, however weird they may seem to the uninitiated.

According to the Talmud, Nimrod's "great success in hunting was due to the fact that he wore the coat of skin which God made for Adam and Eve."[36] There is a tradition that Nimrod, becoming jealous of the rival hunter Esau (so much for chronology!), lay in ambush for him, but was defeated by Esau, who cut off his head and "took the valuable garments of Nimrod . . . with which Nimrod prevailed over the whole land (or earth!), and he ran and concealed them in his house." These garments, says the report, were nothing less than the birthright which Esau later sold to Jacob.[37]

Two significant conclusions come from all this: (1) that any historical reconstruction of what actually happened is out of the question, what has come down to us being a mass of conflicting legends and reports, and (2) that these conflicting legends and reports nevertheless agree on certain main points, that they are very old, and were considered by the most learned Jews to present matters of great importance, the significance of which has escaped later ages. The priests and kings of antiquity certainly wore such garments,[38] and the skin garment was often imitated in woven materials;[39] in fact the skin garment was itself held to be a substitute for a still older garment made of the leaves of the *ficus religiosus*.[40]

I make no apology for conducting you into these lost bypaths of the past. You have often proclaimed it your professional obligation to be interested in all things, and especially the unusual. Still there is such a thing as going too far, and it is high time I was showing you what a sober, factual, and commonsense document the Book of Ether really is. Let us return to Babel.

The Dispersion

The Book of Ether, depicting the uprooting and scattering from the tower of a numerous population, shows them going forth not individually but in groups, and not merely family groups but groups of friends and associates: "thy friends and their families, and the friends of Jared and their families." (I:41.) There was no point in having Jared's language unconfounded if there was to be no one he could talk to, and his brother cried to the Lord that his friends might also retain the language. The same, however, would apply to any other language: If every individual were to speak a tongue all of his own and so go off entirely by himself, the races would have been not merely scattered but quite annihilated.[41] We must not fall into the old vice of reading into the scripture things that are not there. There is nothing said in our text about

(*Continued on page 752*)

THOUGHTS ON PHILIPPIANS 4:8

By Elaine V. Emans

For *whatsoever things are true* I shall
Think how the cold is followed by the pink
Hepatica, and summer's growth by fall
And harvesting; for *honest* I shall think
Proudly of those who will not lie; for *just,*
The giving, always, every man his due,
Or upright character. For *pure* I must
Remember lily petals glowing through
The sun or rain; for *lovely* I could never
Exhaust the store of things the word suggests
From face to symphony; and for *whatsoever*
Things are of good report, my thinking rests
Upon some kindness I have heard about,
Or courage, or some love uncommonly stout.



—From Camera Clix
"THE CHRIST" BY KLINKE

"I AM THE WAY"

By Sam M. Meeks

THE MOST painful disease that can gnaw at the human soul is doubt. Doubt crushes hope, and with hope gone, departs the meaning of life. No individual is safe from the devil of doubt. He stalks us all, from the greatest to the smallest, from the richest to the poorest. To some, he takes one form; to others, he has a different shape. One man doubts that he has strength enough to accomplish a chosen goal; another doubts the faithfulness of his friends; a third—the most pitiful of all—doubts the existence and identity of God.

In most of us there is a period of skepticism, when we hold everything about us to an exacting examination. Curiosity and mild doubt are transformed into a haunting and disturbing emotion which disrupts the normal functions of body, mind, and soul. This condition must be cured if we are to survive as individuals. At times it seems that we are living a dream, that nothing on earth is real, but this is a hollow philosophy that perishes in the light of thought and knowledge.

These are the sort of thoughts that I meet from day to day. Some call them "fundamental thoughts," but I prefer to think of them as the gropings of an unsure heart, a heart afraid to trust in anything—especially itself. When I attempt to prove that if he knew more truth, his opinions would be different, the young student refutes my thought on the basis that I am attempting to justify blind faith. If so, I am still correct, for faith is of God, while words are of man.

What can we, as a people who base our entire faith upon the rock of revelation, do when such a conflict arises as to the truth of revelation? I feel that the confusion is only in the mind of the doubter. When they say that learning takes place only as a result of experience, are they not making liars of themselves when they say that revelation is not experience? One of the definitions that I find for experience in Webster is this: "Experience is a spiritual exercise of the mind." Does this not place revelation among the rich, direct experiences? No growth is so great in any mind as that which can be attained directly from God.

> "IF ANY *of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.*"
>
> —James 1:5.

To further confound the disbeliever, revelation is neither the beginning nor the end. Joseph Smith prayed sincerely and humbly before he was permitted to partake of the celestial feast. True, Paul was a disbeliever, but after his revelation, did he not walk humbly in the sight of the Lord? Many do not believe in revelation because they have never been forcibly faced by such a direct experience; the same individuals probably fail to realize that they are unworthy of direct revelation from God, and that only those possessing his keys can attain such a magnificent estate.

Another erroneous concept frequently held is that all contact with God must be a complete spiritual experience. Those "hunches" that have succeeded, those premonitions of the future, that suggestion from the inward man, all are examples of God's revelations to each of us. Nature is a revelation of the majesty of the Supreme One, but is not God himself? It is so human to fail to recognize all this as revelation, and to call it "intellect."

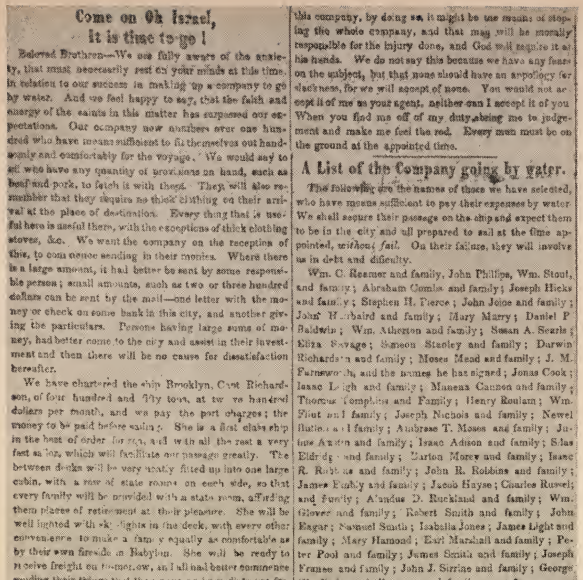
Our Lord is the foundation of all knowledge, knowledge that has been obtained over countless ages. If he should choose to reveal this, then it is to man's advantage to accept and to utilize. God is far wiser than any of us.

For one who believes the Bible, revelation may easily be proved, but for one who doubts the facts that the Bible proclaims, it is more difficult.

How can the renaissance begin that will restore this soul? How can this shell be transformed into a complete man with an uncontaminated concept of Christ? Surely, one requisite is prayer. Let him pray to God, and he will be directed. Let him read from the word of God. Surely these things would not have been written for the deception of man. Let him turn his thoughts to the creation and its purpose. Let him seek a better answer to life's question than Christ. Let him ask if he could lead as good a life without the example of Jesus.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." (James 1:5.)

And the wisdom that will conquer all these doubts will surely be, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. . . . " (John 14:6.)



Come on Oh Israel, it is time to go!

Beloved Brethren—We are fully aware of the anxiety, that must necessarily rest on your minds at this time, in relation to our success in making up a company to go by water. And we feel happy to say, that the faith and energy of the saints in this matter has surpassed our expectations. Our company now numbers over one hundred who have means sufficient to fit themselves out handsomely and comfortably for the voyage. We would say to all who have any quantity of provisions on hand, such as beef and pork, to fetch it with them. They will also remember that they require no thick clothing on their arrival at the place of destination. Every thing that is useful here is useful there, with the exceptions of thick clothing stoves, &c. We want the company on the reception of this, to com mence sending in their monies. Where there is a large amount, it had better be sent by some responsible person; small amounts, such as two or three hundred dollars can be sent by the mail—one letter with the money or check on some bank in this city, and another giving the particulars. Persons having large sums of money, had better come to the city and assist in their investment and then there will be no cause for dissatisfaction hereafter.

We have chartered the ship Brooklyn, Capt. Richardson, of four hundred and fifty tons, at two hundred dollars per month, and we pay the port charges; the money to be paid before sailing. She is a first class ship in the best of order for sea, and with all the rest a very fast sailer, which will facilitate our passage greatly. The between decks will be very neatly fitted up into one large cabin, with a row of state rooms on each side, so that every family will be provided with a state room, affording them places of retirement at their pleasure. She will be well lighted with skylights in the deck, with every other convenience to make a family equally as comfortable as by their own fireside in Babylon. She will be ready to receive freight on tomorrow, and all shall better commence sending their things to it they have no immediate use for, (coal packed in barrels, boxes, or bags—dried fruit,) and have them put on board the vessel, that when they come on they will have nothing to do but to "take up their bed and walk," and it will save much confusion prior to starting. This in particular should be observed by those at a great distance, and their things will be sure not to be left behind. Some of the females in delicate health had better come into the city as soon as they can; small rooms can be rented in the city very cheap, which would serve them until they get ready to go on board. Bring all your beds and bedding, all your farming and mechanical tools, all your poultry, beef, pork, potatoes, and anything else that will sustain life. You had better pack your things in boxes with hinges to the cover, instead of barrels; the boards will serve for some useful purpose at your journey's end. Dont forget your pots and kettles, with your necessary cooking utensils, have them, with your crockery, packed away, for you will not need them on the passage; the ship will be furnished with tin ware that will not break.

We have now but little better than four weeks to purchase our provisions and stores, also casks to hold our water, and get everything on board to serve us on the passage; to do this, we want your money before you can all get here, that the ship may not have anything to prevent her from sailing the appointed time—time with us is money—also, to pay the charter money.

The ship will sail on the 24th of January, instead of the 26th: by so doing we shall gain two days, which would be otherwise lost by sailing on the latter, as all would have to lay in port over Sunday, when nothing could be done. All freight and letters to be addressed to S. Brannan, No. 7 Spruce St.

If any accident should happen to delay any one's arriving at the appointed time, we shall wait for them. It will be necessary for you to be in the city on the 20th or 21st.

All persons that can raise fifty dollars will be able to secure a passage on the ship. We believe we have said all that is necessary until you arrive here, which we hope you will not fail to do to a man. We have received our instructions from the Twelve at the West, which will be laid before the company on their arrival in the city.

The captain and crew of our vessel are all temperance men. Capt. Richardson bears the reputation of being one of the most skillful seamen that has ever sailed from this port, and bears an excellent moral character.

N. B. Now brethren remember there must be no disappointment on the part of any individual that has joined this company, by doing so, it might be the means of stopping the whole company, and that may will be morally responsible for the injury done, and God will require it at his hands. We do not say this because we have any fears on the subject, but that none should have an apology for slackness, for we will accept of none. You would not accept it of me as your agent, neither can I accept it of you. When you find me off of my duty,bring me to judgement and make me feel the rod. Every man must be on the ground at the appointed time.

A List of the Company going by water.

The following are the names of those we have selected, who have means sufficient to pay their expenses by water. We shall secure their passage on the ship and expect them to be in the city and all prepared to sail at the time appointed, *without fail*. On their failure, they will involve us in debt and difficulty.

Wm. C. Reamer and family, John Phillips, Wm. Stout, and family; Abraham Combs and family; Joseph Hicks and family; Stephen H. Pierce; John Joice and family; John Hubbard and family; Mary Marry; Daniel P Baldwin; Wm. Atherton and family; Susan A. Searls; Eliza Savage; Samson Stanley and family; Darwin Richardson and family; Moses Mead and family; J. M. Farnsworth, and the names he has signed; Jonas Cook; Isaac Leigh and family; Maneas Cannon and family; Thomas Tompkins and Family; Henry Roulam; Wm. Flint and family; Joseph Nichols and family; Newel Hatton and family; Ambrose T. Moses and family; Justus Austen and family; Isaac Adison and family; Silas Eldridge and family; Darius Morey and family; Isaac R. Robbins and family; John R. Robbins and family; James Eushly and family; Jacob Hayse; Charles Russel; and family; Amandus D. Rucklaud and family; Wm. Glover and family; Robert Smith and family; John Eagar; Samuel Smith; Isabella Jones; James Light and family; Mary Hamond; Earl Marshall and family; Peter Pool and family; James Smith and family; Joseph Frames and family; John J. Sirrine and family; George W. Sirrine; S. Brannan and family.

There are some names that we have not published, as they from their own statement fell short in their subscription, but if they see their way clear, they can come on and go with us. And these will be still an opportunity for those who have not sent in their names—let them write and come on, and they will be provided for. If we have neglected any names it must make no difference, come on and all will be made wright.

A copy of a proclamation issued to the Saints who were to sail on the Ship "Brooklyn" and was published in the New York "Messenger" of Dec. 15, 1845. The New York "Messenger" was a paper published by Samuel Brannan and edited by Parley P. Pratt.

The

By A. William Lund

THE martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, is one of the world's great tragedies. The members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints faced a great crisis. There were some who claimed that they were the successors in the leadership of the Church and took a stand in direct opposition to the Quorum of the Twelve, which quorum was the presiding authority in the Church. No sooner had this condition been quieted when the non-Mormon element commenced to increase their opposition toward the Church. This opposition reached its highest pitch in the year 1845.

A trial of those who were in the mob which had perpetrated the cruel killing of the Prophet and Patriarch was held, and through a gross miscarriage of justice these men were found not guilty. Emboldened by the outcome of this trial, greater opposition arose. The Nauvoo charter was repealed, the plotters trumped up charges, notably against President Brigham Young of the Twelve, and supplemented these vexatious acts with deliberate pillaging, burning of houses, and destruction of property.

While these depredations were being enacted, President Brigham Young and his brethren were trying with all of their knowledge and strength to find a peaceable settlement with their opposers. Letters were written to the governors of the several states of the United States, except Missouri, asking if an afflicted and outraged people might receive a place within their boundaries where the Saints might dwell in peace. Only Governor Thomas S. Drew of Arkansas answered this appeal. He felt that inasmuch as the legislature of his state had adjourned he could not call them together again. The final ultimatum was that the Saints must leave their city and homes.

Finding no peace, the brethren notified the opposition that they would leave Nauvoo the next spring and pleaded with them to "cease your hostile operations so as to give us the short but necessary time for our journey." In the proclamation of President Brigham Young dated Oct. 31, 1845 are these words: "It has become necessary in the providence of our Heavenly Father that the Saints en masse who are located in Nauvoo should immigrate to a distant country West, in order to fulfil his will and live by his ordinances and commands as soon as possible."

At this time there were many Saints in the eastern part of the United States. That the brethren were greatly concerned about them and where they would settle is shown by this excerpt from a letter of President Young to Samuel Brannan:

City of Joseph [Nauvoo]
Sept. 15th, 1845.

Dear Brother Samuel Brannan:

. . . I wish you together with your press, paper, and ten thousand of the brethren

Ship BROOKLYN

ASSISTANT CHURCH HISTORIAN AND RECORDER AND MEMBER GENERAL BOARD, DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

(NOTE: The text now being used by the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums makes no mention of this ship; therefore this article is written with the hope that the story of the Ship *Brooklyn* may prove of interest to the quorum members.)

were now in California at the Bay of St. Francisco, and if you can clear yourself and go there, do so. . . .

A communication from the Quorum of the Twelve was sent to Orson Pratt, who was the presiding officer of the Church in the Eastern States, informing him of their desire that the Saints there might also join in this western movement.

At a conference of the eastern branches of the Church held November 12, 1845 in the American Hall, New York City, Elder Orson Pratt announced the decision of the leaders of the Church that the Saints were to move West. Samuel Brannan then laid before the conference his instructions from the Authorities of the Church, directing him to go by water, and called upon all who wanted to accompany him to come forward at the close of the meeting and put down their names.

Elder Orson Pratt in his *Farewell Message to the Saints* wrote as follows:

Elder Samuel Brannan is hereby appointed to preside over, and take charge of the company that go by sea; and all who go with him will be required to give strict heed to his instruction and counsel. He will point out to you the necessary articles to be taken, whether for food or for raiment, together with farming utensils, mechanical instruments, and all kinds of garden seeds, seeds of various kinds of fruits, &c., &c. Several have already given their names to go with him, and I think he will soon raise a company as large as can conveniently go in one vessel.

There is no doubt that when the knowledge of the immigration of the Saints to the West reached the people of the United States many were happy, many were saddened, and some thought it a good plan to offer advice as to where the Saints might go. The following copy of a letter written by Charles A. Lovell from Ipswich, Massachusetts, gives a very interesting insight to such advice:

Ipswich, October 20th, 1845.

To Brigham Young, Esq.

Sir, Though I think the Mormon doctrines are erroneous, yet I have much sympathy with them in their sufferings, and in the cruel treatment they have experienced. Observing a statement that you purposed removing with your friends from Nauvoo, and having lately had some information from a traveller, as to the peculiar excellences of the region around the bay and river St. Francisco in California, I thought it might not be amiss to state them that you might take them into consideration in deciding as to the place you might select for your city of refuge. I have no interest in it any way, except a desire that you may be delivered from persecution. I never expect to leave this part of the country. First, the bay of St. Francisco is the best, strongest, and safest harbor on the western coast of North America, you might defend yourselves from all your enemies, and have a good market for all you might raise, in supplying the whaling ships which would come in for provisions. Plenty of fish could be procured for your own people. A few miles up the St. Francisco river are waterfalls which would furnish you with all the mill privileges which you would want. I need not tell you how cheap cattle may be bought in the neighborhood of Monterey. José Castro is now Commandant General & Pio Pico is Governor of California. A few thousand dollars would obtain for you from them 2 or 300,000 acres of land, as they make grants of many square leagues for a mere trifle. If you should lease your Temple to the Catholics, some of the Catholic bishops would doubtless throw all the Catholic influence in California in your favor. One of your number might get appointed United States consul for St. Francisco, and thus have that influence which consular power would give. You ought by all means to have ship carpenters and boat builders there, so that your community might engage in fishing and commerce. You would be near the whaling grounds & some of your active young men might engage in that business. Then the Sandwich Island trade opens a fine field for enterprise. If you have any among you who could engage in the building of steamboats, they might rapidly acquire a fortune. If your numbers should increase so that you could plant a colony on the Gulf of California, you would then have the entire mastery of the country and might bid defiance to your persecutors. The route that has been taken by many of the emigrants to Oregon would probably be your route for the greater part of the way. With a sufficient stock of cattle, there would be no lack of provisions. And I doubt not but that there is wisdom enough in your councils to guide a large community to their destined territory. Wherever you are I doubt not your rallying cry will ever be Liberty to all. Would that that cry could be raised in Missouri, and that those who are there suffering from oppression might go with your band where they too might be free from tyranny. That you may be guided in the way of truth, and have light from on high to direct you is the earnest desire of a friend to humanity and to the oppressed.

Charles A. Lovell.

Brigham Young, Esq.
President of the Community at Nauvoo.

In the latter part of January and the first days of February 1846 the Saints from several of the branches of the Church in the Eastern States gathered in New York awaiting the departure of the ship *Brooklyn* for California. Finally the full number were entered; their baggage transferred to the ship; and the passengers left the busy city and crowded into their staterooms ready for sailing.

The *Brooklyn* sailed from New York City on February 4, 1846, which was the same day that the exodus from Nauvoo commenced for the West. The voyagers started their journey joyfully. They took with them besides farming tools, fixtures for two gristmills, a printing press, type, and paper.

The following story of the journey is taken from an account given by John Eager and supplemented by excerpts taken from the account of Augusta Joyce Crocheron:

"The ship *Brooklyn,* 450 tons burthen, was commanded by Captain Richardson, and left New York Feby. 4, 1846, having on board 236 passengers, all of whom were Mormons except Frank Ward; the company were well supplied with implements of husbandry and necessary tools for establishing a new settlement.

"The second day out the *Brooklyn* encountered a heavy sea, and on the following Tuesday laid to all day, in a heavy gale of wind, which occasioned a great deal of seasickness. While crossing the equator they experienced a calm for two or three days.

"As for the pleasure of the trip, we met disappointment, for we once long lay becalmed in the tropics, and at another time we were

(*Continued an page* 728)

"The seeds we are planting today will grow and become mighty oaks, and their branches will run all over the earth." —Jacob Spori

RICKS COLLEGE

By Joyce May

DURING its sixty-three years of growth, Ricks College, Idaho's Latter-day Saint teacher-training institution has proved itself a valuable part of the Church educational system. The college has grown from a little two-room log cabin to a spacious campus and plant which serve Idaho youth and other students from a widely distributed area.

Back in 1883 L. D. S. pioneers entered the present Rexburg Valley with visions of colonization with a resulting great educational system. For the first five years there was little time to think of education; efforts were bent on subduing the desert, erecting log houses and hauling wood for the severe Snake River Valley winters.

But the dream of a school never rested, and Thomas E. Ricks, president of the Bannock Stake, wrote Church Authorities in Salt Lake City during the year 1887 about an academy.

Jacob Spori, a brilliant convert from Switzerland and personal friend of the Church educator, Karl G. Maeser, was selected as principal of the Rexburg school. Brother Spori had not yet reached the United States when he received his call to Rexburg, and the family went directly to the Snake River Valley.

What greeted the eyes of the cultured and educated European must have been disheartening. Few homes had been built, so the Spori family moved into a granary. No schoolhouse had been built as yet.

On November 12, 1888, President Ricks and Dr. Karl G. Maeser at a special conference opened the Bannock Stake Academy with Jacob Spori as first principal. Dr. Maeser pronounced a wonderful blessing on the school and on those who should teach there in the future.

Brother Spori spent many hours outside the classroom cutting wood and doing janitorial work to keep the struggling school alive. One of his early students, Minnie Black Garner, said of him, "Many times when the boys were particularly rude I have seen him with his hands clutched tightly at his sides, and I have heard him say, 'Sometimes I feel as though I cannot bear it; but the gospel is worth all.' "

Professor Spori was a strong believer in discipline.

During the third year the school came desperately close to failure. Rather than see the school close, Professor Spori wrote to Dr. Maeser asking leave for vacation that he might earn money to pay the other two teachers. Brother Spori's own salary was meager. It was paid in potatoes, meat, and eggs, and sometimes he received nothing at all.

Through his work no break came to the academy. After his leave Professor Spori never returned to the school, but he left his family under its wing and always watched for its success. All his children and grandchildren except one attended the academy.

In 1900 the elementary grades were discontinued, and four years of high-school-level work were offered. The school gave courses in agriculture, mechanics, arts, and missionary work, which subjects are still featured by the school. The name of the school was changed in 1903 to Ricks Academy in honor of the Snake River Valley colonizer, Thomas E. Ricks. Between 1900 and 1919 the two main buildings on the campus were erected, and the name was changed to Ricks Normal College, signifying the role the school was playing in training Idaho educators.

By 1931 all high school work had been discontinued, and Ricks was made a fully accredited two-year junior college with Hyrum Manwaring as president. President Manwaring broadened the educational program of the school and guided it through the war years. In 1944, he became president emeritus. John L. Clarke, former

RICKS COLLEGE CAMPUS



IDAHO'S LATTER-DAY SAINTS SCHOOL



Jacob Spori, first principal at Ricks College, then Bannock Stake Academy.



Rare photograph of President Thomas E. Ricks, founder and colonizer of Upper Snake River Valley.



John L. Clarke, current president

instructor of seminaries at St. George, Utah, was appointed president to succeed him.

In 1948, with the approval of the general Church board of education, Ricks added a third and fourth year to its program, making it a full-fledged four-year teaching-training college. The first bachelor degrees were granted to thirty-one seniors in the spring of 1950.

The main objective of Ricks College has been individual development and personal growth in a Latter-day Saint atmosphere. How well the college has achieved this goal is shown by the high cultural standard of the area served by the college. Latter-day Saint ideals prevail at Ricks, and they are fostered by Rexburg itself, which boasts a population which is ninety-five percent Latter-day Saint.

Its faculty members have been trained at some of the best universities in the nation, and Church members who are leaders in all walks of life obtained their first experience at Ricks. The college ranks among the highest in Idaho as a teacher-training center, and its graduates are known throughout the western states in the field of education.

Teacher training has been the central drawing point for the school, but under the rapidly expanding curriculum of the college a student may obtain a teaching major in fifteen academic fields.

The college has an outstanding physical education department and participates actively in the intermountain collegiate athletic conference. Students also have opportunities for individual sports through a growing intramural program. The classes are arranged to enable farm boys to complete two quarters of work by two six-week short-term courses in the fall and spring plus the full winter quarter. A large percentage of the students at Ricks are enrolled in the agricultural department.

The college also boasts fine drama and music departments. Plays of the highest moral standard are produced each year giving large numbers of students opportunities to express their creative talent. The music department sponsors the community fine arts series which each year brings outstanding talent to Rexburg. The annual Christmas presentation of *The Messiah* and the college-community symphony orchestra both function through that department. The college choir furnishes music for stake conferences in the valley.

Ricks draws students from forty-five stakes of the Church and several missions and has been termed "the friendly school." Students find the personal contact with faculty members especially attractive.

Furthering the social life are six chapters of Lambda Delta Sigma and other social groups including Delta Phi, returned missionary organization. Delta Phi boasts the largest group on the campus. Ricks College is especially proud of the fact that each year dozens of students leave for the mission field, having received their training through the extensive missionary classes offered.

The annual leadership week was inaugurated in 1923 and has since become a tradition. Leadership week provides an opportunity for Upper Snake River Valley residents to hear noted speakers and specialists in all fields.

Thus, in sixty-three years a pioneer dream has become a reality. The school has grown from a log building to an accredited college with a vital role in fostering Latter-day Saint ideals. Ricks College faces the future, proud of its place in the Church educational system.

CHRYSANTHEMUM

By Christie Lund Coles

HERE is a flower blooming after frost,
Feathery bright in the misted air,
A flower that has seen the summer lost,
Yet stands indomitably fair.

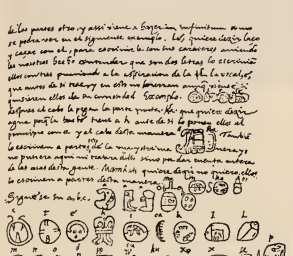
I, too, would be as this one autumn flower,
Undaunted by the cold, the stinging storm,
Knowing His goodness holds me in its power,
Knowing I too stand nurtured from all harm.

The Challenge of
THE MAYA MYSTERY

By John L. Sorenson

IN ONE of the most modern buildings of America, the new science building at Brigham Young University, lies what may be the key to the challenging enigma of some of the continent's greatest ancient structures.

There, awaiting the attention of ambitious scholars, are found volume on volume of the curious writing symbols of the Mayas, builders of massive, thriving cities in Central America, centuries before Columbus. These writings



A purported "alphabet" of Maya given by Diego de Landa in his "Relacion de las Cosas de Yucatan."

make up the Gates Collection, possibly the most complete library of records in existence intended to untangle the puzzle of what the Maya characters say.

Collector William Gates began to study ancient history seriously about fifty years ago at Point Loma, California. His interest then was the mythical lost continent of Atlantis which he believed to have been the real source of such high civilization as the Maya. Because of this belief he began to study what was known of the discovered remains of the Mayas. However, once exposed to the fascination of such a challenging problem as Maya history, he abandoned his Atlantis views and became more scientific in studying the Mayas.

He set on a plan of action he thought would eventually unravel the tangle of fantasy and fact about the Mayas that cluttered both the popular and scientific minds of his day. He thought that many of the writing symbols of the people stood for sounds, were "phonetic." There might be, then, hope of matching sound to sign and deciphering the whole, if only we knew just how the Maya spoke. As a matter of fact, there are records of many separate tribes who spoke languages of the Mayance family, but no single one of these today would be like the pure ancient tongue, if there were such a thing.

Gates' plan was to work backward from these later languages to try to reconstruct the old Maya speech sounds from which he thought all these later branches must have sprung. The task is much like that which a scholar would face if he had to work out how Caesar's Latin sounded from only a knowledge of Spanish, French, Italian, and related languages.

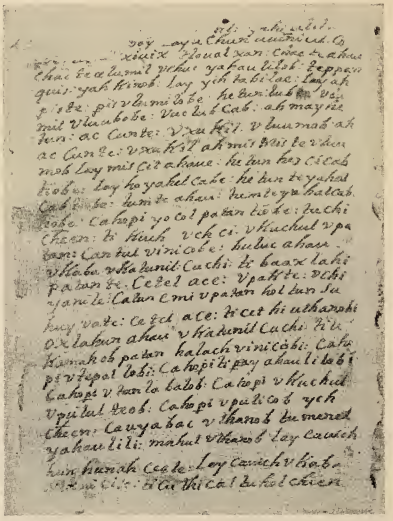
Immediately Gates' plan ran into difficulties. Few documents or inscriptions in Maya characters were known or at least accessible then. With so little of Mayan to work with, decipherment of the glyphs was out of the question. Consequently, this determined investigator, though far from wealthy, set out to gather singlehanded all he could find of the existing material in or about the language.

This long, arduous search took most of Gates' time and energy for a quarter of a century and actually continued right up to his death. He himself rode horseback through much of turbulent Mexico seeking his precious manuscripts. He kept buyer-representatives at all the sales of the great private library collections of the world, and by photographing everything he could not buy, came to hold, by 1930, about everything that was anything to a Maya linguist.

Then, with a few interested friends and backers, he organized the Maya Society to carry on his work and publish his invaluable materials. There followed a period of eight years when Gates, as president of the society, worked at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore making masterfully detailed copies of his rare documents for fellow linguists and laboring on his pet researches.

At his death in 1940 the collection became little used, attracting much more dust than interest. But in a few years Gates' widow decided to sell everything. Dr. M. Wells Jakeman, a Maya scholar who is now chairman of the B.Y.U. Department of Archaeology, ex-

(*Continued on page 738*)



A page from "The Book of Chilam Balam Chumagel," an important historical source written in the Maya language in Spanish characters.

Through the

Eyes of YOUTH

Choice at the Crossroads

By Theron Folsom

IN SPEAKING about the decisions of the young adult, I think you will agree that they are the most important we ever make. I am finding that these choices not only shape our lives while we are here upon the earth but also help to pattern our course in the eternities to come.

Since each of us follows a road of life that is controlled by our decisions, I like to think of these problems as crossroads along the highway of life. Perhaps you can picture yourself in your mind's eye going down this highway of life and being at these crossroads where Latter-day Saints must determine some of their momentous choices.

We might first come to the crossroad of "Service and Selfishness," reading on the one hand, "This is the road of selfishness; how much can you get?" and on the other, "This is the road of service; how much can you give?" Mormonism is a practical, living religion, and work is a very real part of it. We must decide how we are going to make a living—what is more important—what is to be our attitude toward the services we render.



Either of these objectives might be decided upon: How much can I get? Or how much can I give? The gospel teaches, of course, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and so I hope that we can choose in this instance to follow the useful, happy life of service to others.

Address presented at M. I. A. Conference June 17, 1951

Before going on to other crossroads, it would be well for us to place here two additional signs for the benefit of those who follow. Pointing down our road of service we might make another sign to read, "This road of service is also the road of righteousness and happiness"; and pointing the other way we could make a sign warning, "This road of selfishness is also the road to wickedness and misery," because we know from reading the Book of Mormon and from our very lives that "wickedness never was happiness." (Alma 41:10.)

Closely associated with service is the crossroad of missionary work. Knowing the importance of missionary work, thousands of young men today would be anxious and willing to make the decision to serve as missionaries. This Church is probably the only organization on earth which can so inspire its youth that they are willing to choose to leave their personal pursuits for two or three or more years and preach at their own expense the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Just how important is missionary work? The Lord has had occasion to reveal that

> . . . the thing which will be of the most worth unto you will be to declare repentance unto this people, that you may bring souls unto me, that you may rest with them in the kingdom of my Father. (D. & C. 15:6.)

But today the Lord isn't calling many young men into the mission field as such; instead they are being called into the service of their country. I like to think of it as just that—the *service* of their country. You may recall some of the words of King Benjamin in this regard. The Book of Mormon records these words as part of his counsel to a great multitude of his assembled countrymen:

> And behold, I tell you these things that ye may learn . . . that when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God. (Mosiah 2:17.)

Here, then, is our answer. We need not cease to be missionaries, but rather we shall be ambassadors of truth wherever we go. As we serve our country, we can be serving our fellow men and Heavenly Father as well by living the gospel, by being examples to those around us, and in sharing with them our testimonies of this great Latter-day work.

I am told that there are many opportunities for missionary work in the armed forces. Indeed, the Latter-day Saint who is living his religion cannot help being a missionary because his life will be a code of clean living that will prompt emulation, and his speech and con-

(*Continued on page 734*)

The Book of DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS

By
A. C. Lambert, Ph.D.

THE book of Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a very important book. It is also a widely published book. Ninety-three editions of the book have appeared in the period 1833 through 1949. While some of the editions have been re-issues of certain primary editions with a new date placed on the title page, the greater percentage have been primary editions.

Six editions of the book (and one volume of Selections) have appeared in the Danish language, five in the German language, two in Swedish, two in Spanish (including the book of "Selections" in 1933), and one each in Welsh, Dutch, Hawaiian, Maori, and Armenian. Copies of the edition in the Dutch language which were issued in 1929-1933 with pages 177-192 re-translated constitute a second Netherlands edition. A translation of the book in the Japanese language has existed in a manuscript for some time. A partial translation was once made in the Czechoslovakian language. Translations of the book with 136 sections are being made in other languages. A book of selected sections was published in the English language in 1930, and appeared later in Spanish, in Danish, and in Norwegian. An edition of twenty-eight complete sections was issued in the French language in 1908.

Among the important first editions of the book, which bear the title Doctrine and Covenants, are these: 1835, Kirtland, Ohio, the first edition with the title Doctrine and Covenants, first edition with the Lectures on Theology, on Faith, 103 sections; 1845, Liverpool, England, 111 sections; 1851, Merthyr-Tydfil, Wales, 111 sections; 1852, Copenhagen, 111 sections; 1876, Bern, Switzerland, in the German language, 110 sections, (the second German edition, in 1893, contained 138 sections); 1876, Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, first edition in any language with 136 sections, first edition to contain section 132 on celestial marriage; 1879, Liverpool, England, 136 sections, the first edition to contain extensive footnotes and cross references; 1888, Salt Lake City, in the Swedish language, first edition in any language to contain 138 sections; 1908, Salt Lake City, 136 sections, with a concordance by Joseph B. Keeler, and with the official declaration or manifesto; 1908, Rotterdam, 136 sections; 1908, Zurich, twenty-eight complete selected sections, in the French language; 1914, Honolulu, 136 sections, in the Hawaiian language, together with the Pearl of Great Price, (the Reorganized Church published an edition of its Doctrine and Covenants in the Hawaiian language in 1893); 1919, Auckland, New Zealand, in the Maori language, 136 sections, together with The Pearl of Great Price; 1921, Salt Lake City, 136 sections, without the Lectures on Faith, with revised footnotes, with revised prefaces to the individual sections, in double-column pages, and with an index and concordance by John A. Widtsoe; 1941, Los Angeles, California, 136 sections, in the Armenian language, together with The Pearl of Great Price; 1948, Louisville, Kentucky, 136 sections, in Braille characters, in the English language.

No one knows how many copies of the book of Doctrine and Covenants have been printed, but the number doubtless runs into the millions. In no library in the world is there a complete file of all the editions of the book. In no edition of the book are there all of the revelations of Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

To persons who have had no occasion to follow the matter, the number of editions may seem amazing. But the book has had to parallel the history and the expansion of the Church. Great activity has been necessary to keep sufficient copies of this book available for members of the Church and others, at a moderate price. As the needs and the organization of the Church expanded, and as the wisdom of publishing certain scriptures and revelations became manifest, additions to the book were made, certain authorized refinements in the text were made, and the enlarged and improved editions appeared, naturally and necessarily.



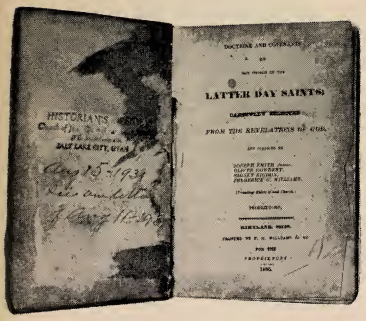
The Book of Commandments. The first "Doctrine and Covenants" published in Kirtland, Ohio, 1833. Original in Church Historian's Office.

Whenever any early mission of the Church was established, beginning with the missionary work and the colonization activity in Ohio and in Missouri in the early 1830's, there was need to put printed copies of the primary and distinctive scriptures, doctrines beliefs, covenants, and rules of the new Church into the hands of missionaries, investigators, members, and officers of the Church. Word-of-mouth communication simply could not carry the full load of making the doctrines and the covenants of the new Church known even to its own members. Printed materials had to be provided.

In the Danish and in the German missions particularly units from the book of Doctrine and Covenants were translated early (as early as 1851 in Denmark) and were published in the mission periodicals before a complete book was available. The same principle was followed in the publication of items

of doctrine and covenants and commandments in the English language in the early days of the Church in Ohio and Missouri.

Revelations were printed in a Church newspaper, a monthly periodical, published in Independence, Missouri, beginning June 1832. Much of the essential history about that publication is more or less available, and it need not be recited here. The main point here is that printed copies of the teachings, the doctrines, the rules of Church government, the codes of personal duties and behavior simply had to be made available even though there was no press immediately at hand. There were no paper, no type, no typesetters, no printers, and no money. In 1830-31 in western Ohio and in Missouri there were no job printers ready at hand to accept work and turn it out, there were no bookstores eager to distribute books even if they should be printed. There were no telephones with which to locate type, paper, and ink,



This edition, printed in Kirtland in 1835, was the first to carry the title "Doctrine and Covenants."

or to quote or to hear prices, or to make promises or to accept deliveries. There were no trains, no trucks, no adequate roads for even horse and ox teams. There were no banks to extend convenient credit to anyone, much less to a handful of religious settlers who, with others, as a rule, owned no more than they stood in.

It seems almost a miracle that the young leaders of the very young church did as well as they did in getting men, materials, and resources together to make even the simple and wholly pioneer printing venture they began in Independence, Missouri. In 1831 that town was the real jumping-off place for the several western trails; it was the really frontier town of the great West.

Units of the manuscript compilation of commandments and revelations which had been prepared and edited in Ohio in late 1831 preparatory to publication in Missouri were set into type slowly by hand. Some units were printed in the monthly paper, and others were slowly set and printed in sequence in sheets and were stacked in the printer's office (home) for eventual folding and binding into a book, to be called *A Book of Commandments for the Government of the Church of Christ*. It is easy to understand why the book was planned to be a small book, for convenient use, and to hold its cost at a minimum for those who would buy it, and to save precious paper.

Not every chapter prepared for the projected book of commandments was first printed in *The Evening and the Morning Star*, but every unit which was printed in the Missouri *Star* appeared later in *A Book of Commandments* as it was printed.

The first unit of the revelations and commandments ever printed was the one on Church organization, known in current editions of the book of Doctrine and Covenants as Section 20, but which was Section II in the 1835 Kirtland, Ohio, edition, and Chapter XXIV in *A Book of Commandments*, 1833. That first printed revelation was then called "The Articles and Covenants of the Church of Christ, given in Fayette, New York, June 1830." It was printed in the Missouri *Star* in June 1832, and was repeated in the issue of June 1833. The text of the unit agrees in both numbers of the Missouri *Star*, with the exception of one verse, and in *A Book of Commandments*. Certain changes in the text appeared in the Kirtland, Ohio, "re-print" of *The Evening and Morning Star*, and the Kirtland, Ohio, (1835) edition of the book of *Doctrine and Covenants*, which two latter publications agree.

The hand-printed "Chapters" of the first Book of Commandments were slowly assembled in 1832-33, but the entire printing venture was broken up by mob action in July 1833. The type was thrown into the street; the press was stolen, the sheets of the growing book were scattered or destroyed. But enough sheets were salvaged to be sent to Kirtland, Ohio, to bind later into a small, vest-pocket, incompleted book of sixty-five chapters, the last chapter itself incomplete as printed. As put together and issued, the book contained 160 pages, in five signatures of thirty-two pages each, the last page of the book and of the last complete signature ending at the bottom of page 160. The page ended with the last word of verse 47, a verse toward the end of the manuscript chapter.

Certain controversies have grown up around *A Book of Commandments*. The writer is aware of them. For twenty years he has systematically assembled and searched for material relevant to that book. New material comes to light periodically, and the record is not closed yet.

A long history attaches to the preparation of the manuscript and the publication of the larger revised book of 103 sections in Kirtland, Ohio, in 1835, the first book to bear the title Doctrine and Covenants. A want of paper, equipment, and skilled labor made it necessary to print the three Nauvoo, Illinois, editions with 111 sections in 1844, 1845, and 1846 from one set of plates. Copies of these three particular editions which do not have their original title pages intact can scarcely be distinguished one from another, except that a skilled student of these editions will be able finally to find fewer than a dozen, but only fewer than a dozen, *critical* differences in typography, text, and page arrangement, out of a possible three thousand such singular items that might be used, to distinguish any one of these three editions from the other two.

But the main point here is not to recite the long history of those early editions but to indicate briefly something of the conditions under which those earliest books had to be published. The history of those early editions shows, however, how certain records of the revelations and commandments came into published form "line upon line" and to meet first needs first; other needs had to be met later.

(*Concluded on page* 734)

Second Wind...

By Joyce Knudsen

Cup of soup, sandwiches, and fruit beside her, magazine in her lap, Nora was prepared for the single daily half-hour of self-indulgence. Before the clock's hands had marked another hour she must begin preparing tonight's supper, dress Penny after her noon nap, and start off on the daily trek to the house. The house—standing a little embarrassed in its semi-nudity, patiently awaiting the nails and inner organs, the eavestrough collar, and painted coat which would seal its destiny as a respected member of the new community.

But before two o'clock, before the grind of hammering and sandpapering and painting would begin again, there was this one luxurious half-hour of rest and quiet. She thumbed through the magazine looking for the story which had been left unfinished yesterday. Something about second wind, it had been—a boy, grudgingly taken on a hunting trip by his father, and saving the wounded father's life by making a man's effort, furiously paddling against river current to reach help. Nora's eyes fell on the sentence she had been reading when she put down the book yesterday. "Nearly exhausted, for the first time in his life he experienced the phenomenon of second wind."

Nora began to drink her soup slowly, not reading further, but speculating on the previously uninteresting subject of second wind. Just what was it like? Did one have to be an active sportsman to experience it? She reviewed her own activities: the housework, cooking, the caring for Penny, and now this new project of building the house with their own muscles and sweat. But it was Tom's muscles that naturally carried the greatest load of work after his own day's work at the plant. She must be content to fit windows, paint, run errands, and make endless phone calls to track down fugitive materials. None of it really constituted the kind of labored effort that might bring the exhilarating sensation of second wind. Drudgery much of it was, yes—day in and day out work with sometimes little sense of accomplishment.

And yet she must not complain of it. The day the sub-contractor completed the foundation of the house, and she and Tom had gazed lovingly at the solid base of their house—that day had not been drudgery; it had been an exciting, jubilant beginning for their own work. And the day Tom had finished all the outer studding, what an unbounded thrill it had been to stand in the hot sun that day and look with pride at the strong skeleton of their house!



Yet none of it was this elusive second wind business. Amused at her own curiosity, Nora finally picked up the sandwich and went on to finish the story.

In the beginning, two months ago, it had been a challenge to prepare an appetizing supper that could be reheated at the house for their evening meal with Tom. And after some forty casseroles, stews, and salads, it was something less than a challenge; it was a downright endurance test. Just how many variations were there to a meal which must be packed in a single saucepan or casserole and heated over a spirit stove in the shell of the unfinished kitchen? Today it would have to be the ubiquitous veal stew again, varied perhaps with a green salad. Just this once she revolted against packing the dessert. There was so much to carry, and she might be able to send a neighbor's child to the store for ice cream.

The stew having been precooked in its saucepan, she began packing the blue canvas utility bag. Nora speculated on the undoubted astonishment of the manufacturer if he were given a glimpse of the variety and quantity of articles which she daily succeeded in stowing into the zippered bag. First, a change of dress for Penny so she would look presentable on the bus-ride home after grubbing around the unsodded lot all afternoon. Then the tightly covered stewpan, a package of iron elbows for the plumbing connections, the vacuum flask of cool milk, the package of salad makings, a

clean towel so they could all wash before coming home, a banana for Penny's afternoon snack. And the bag's contents had to be scientifically packed. One shift of those heavy iron elbows and the banana would be a sorry mass!

From the bedroom there came a preliminary thump and the peculiar dialogue of a two-year-old deciding to herself that she has been asleep quite long enough.

Nora opened the door; they studied each other with secret pleasure for a moment; and then Nora reached quickly for the little girl's clothes and began dressing her before the sturdy little body could erupt into violent activity.

Fifteen minutes later Penny sat with dignity in her folding stroller as Nora, purse and utility bag in hand, trundled the six city blocks to the suburban bus. Magnanimously scattering smiles to passersby, the sunny-haired child cared nothing that her mother realized, too late, that in the last-minute rush she had forgotten to comb her hair and there was not a comb in her purse.

Nora stood to one side when they reached the bus stop, waiting for the other passengers to get on so that her elaborate scramble with the folded stroller, the heavy bag, and Penny, would at least not result in torn limbs and frayed tempers from her fellow-travelers.

Finally settled with her equipage, she tried combing her hair with her fingers, but as usual she needed all ten digits to confine Penny's restlessness. She had closed the window to prevent the child dangling

She thumbed through the magazine looking for the story which had been left unfinished yesterday. . . .

out by her kneecaps, and now the heat in the bus became a thing of hot fingers pressing on her brain.

After a time she forgot the heat, watching the last of the crowded city streets give way to pleasant suburban greenness and tranquility. But here it was again: the efficient gathering up of her appendages, and even after long practice it was still an ungraceful scramble.

They stood on the sidewalk watching the departing bus. Ah, well, if they had a car, they wouldn't have had the down payment for the house, Nora reflected. Penny, intent on a new role as mother's little helper, struggled valiantly with the heavy bag.

"Penny, you can't possibly lift that. Get in the stroller, honey, and we'll put the bag on the footrest. No, *you* get in. You've got all afternoon to trot around on your own feet."

Nora stowed the supper bag under the child's feet and was promptly faced with the choice of leaving the two little fat legs in a cramped position or giving in to her daughter's desire to dawdle happily up the street under her own power. It's not far, she decided; she won't be uncomfortable for just a few minutes.

Penny *was* uncomfortable. At the first squirm Nora's hand flew to the bag—too late. It fell to the gravel road with a clump. She caught the handles resignedly and trudged ahead.

She climbed the steps to the rough temporary door without looking up at the front of the house. The changes and growth were slow, undramatic now. It was only depressing to look up and see the blind, eyeless openings where the bedroom windows should be. A sudden constriction caught her throat. I only have a few hours a day to work here, she thought desperately. Maybe I took on too much when I insisted I



Before the grind of hammering and sandpapering and painting would begin, there was this one luxurious half-hour.

could fit those windows. But it looked like an interesting job, something I could handle. I can still do it; it just takes so much time to see that Penny doesn't dive down the stairwell or drop nails down the drainpipe. . . .

She unlocked the door, and Penny scrambled into the "vestibule," turning around to declare lustily that she was hungry. Nora had no foreboding before she opened the bag. She simply unzipped it and then froze in horror. The single fall to the ground had spilled enough of the rich brown stew to make Penny's change of dress resemble a stained pudding cloth. The banana, having come in brutal contact with iron elbows, would have to be removed with a spoon and a delicate hand.

With an effort, Nora made a strained joke of it. "Well, you can have a drink of milk, anyway, Toodles." She unscrewed the vacuum flask and knew the worst before the cork had been withdrawn. The glass lining was shattered, their supply of milk ruined, and the nearest store four graveled, heat-soaked blocks away.

On the emergency shelf in the kitchen she found a biscuit for Penny. Well, there was nothing to do but begin work at once. In June they had been so certain they could move into the house by October. "Even if it's rough," Tom had planned earnestly, "even if we do have to hang our clothes on nails and don't have doors in every doorway, we'll be in our own house and we can save all that traveling time. We could have the place all finished by the end of winter."

Prying open a paint can Nora considered how much easier things would be if they could move into the house. No more busses, no more tyranny of the blue supper bag; when their evening's work was done, they could simply go upstairs to bed, no more long rides home. But it was August now, and there was so much to be done. As week by week slipped by she had lowered her standards of the term "habitable." Let the staircase wait; they could use the ladder to the bedrooms. Kitchen cabinets weren't a necessity nor were finished floors. And yet the plumbing was still far from finished; the heating system was imperative before they moved in for the winter, and even her windows were only half ready. *I don't see how we can do it in time.*

The screwdriver slipped suddenly

(*Continued on page 750*)

The Importance Of Teaching

By Iris Brown

AT THREE-THIRTY I pull down the tattered American flag from the flimsy pole on top of the ramshackle Pine Creek schoolhouse where I am teacher. The building, in its respectable days, was a trailer. The roof leaks water; the sides leak air. There are five seats for the five pupils, none of the seats being suitable. Two of the pupils have gone through the term in seats in which they could not touch the floor.

There are many considerations that make this school an ineffective instrument of teaching. Still some things have been accomplished.

Among these five pupils is the child Patsy, of American Indian descent, of a sordid family background, and of a quite unhappy present. In school I found her to be at first an amiable but disinterested pupil, a poor reader. But when we came to history study, there was inescapably the Indian. Patsy lost her aloofness. At the first mention of the word by the teacher, she colored up and shrank back in her seat as if I had hit her. It was plain enough that the word to her was a slur, a word that meant an accumulation of shames and faults.

So now in class Nelda spoke up protectively, "Patsy doesn't like to talk about Indians."

Indian!

Patsy must learn to wear the word proudly, not to cringe under it as a shameful thing.

We began with Sacajawea. I had the eighth-grade girl read the story from the history books, the inspiring true story of the Indian girl who led Lewis and Clark over the mountains and uncharted plains, and to whom those white men paid great tribute. Patsy squirmed uncomfortably at the insistence on Indian.

After I dismissed school that day, I called to the three pupils of the schoolboard family. "Wait a minute, girls. I'll get some provisions for us, then we'll take an exploring trip. We are going to play the game called Sacajawea."

We were alone on the ranch, as usual. It is over a hundred miles to the nearest town—with no public transportation, no telephone, and we were left without even a car on the place. The teacher required to live at this place must cook for the three girls and herself, chop wood to keep them warm, pitch hay to the stock, and teach school, while the parents relieve the tedium of the isolation by week-long trips to town.

I brought a package of raisins from my own food supplies for our "provisions" as we set out to explore the wilderness, as had the party of Lewis and Clark. Here the small Indian girl Patsy led us. "Watch out for mountain lions," I called to her. "Be careful. Our lives depend on you."

Patsy began to enjoy the game. She laughed gleefully, strutted ahead of us as we threaded our way carefully through the dried-out orchard, up the sagebrush hill, and "made camp for the night" in the shelter of high rocks. The pinto stallion "King" nickered to us, asking an invitation to join the fun. Nelda answered him, so he followed us as we resumed our perilous journey, up the creek bed, over the cliffs, with our guide Sacajawea leading us.

Life was good on the sunny hills that evening as we dramatized American history to bind up the wounds of a child, to give her a banner with a proud device. The sagebrush scented the air with

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Teaching—Realization of dreams plus work
—Photograph by Eva Luoma



AUSTRALIA—
A Virgin Field

By Elsie F. Parton

Genealogy

ABOUT twenty years ago Florence M. Bailey approached several public-minded men in the great city of Sydney, Australia, and proposed the formation of a genealogical society in that city. Prior to this time there was no such organization in Australia, but through Sister Bailey's proposal the Society of Australian Genealogists was created.

Today we may find similar organizations in every capital city of Australia working diligently for the preservation of family records and statistics, which are being collected from newspapers, wills, title deeds of land, and from inscriptions on tombstones in cemeteries throughout the continent.

In the Australian Mission great activity and interest are displayed in this work by members of the Church who have been organized into groups under trained supervision for the purpose of collecting information from cemetery tombstones. Cemetery trusts will not permit the copying of records from their registers, but raise no objection to groups taking inscriptions from monuments or tablets in the cremation section.



A scene in Sydney, Australia, where Florence M. Bailey first approached several men, proposing the formation of a genealogical society for that city.

Slow to begin, the project gradually gained impetus and is now steadily gathering force with the years. On one occasion there were only two workers prepared to visit Waronora Cemetery. The day was hot and oppressive; one of the workers suggested they take a rest. The other replied, "I am going, if I go alone." Both went. During the afternoon one group of inscriptions was somewhat complicated, and aid was requested by one worker of the other in fathoming the relationship of the group. With an exclamation of amazement, the worker who had suggested canceling work for the day discovered that the stone held information which she had repeatedly tried to find and which was required to complete a line in her own genealogy. How thankful she was that she had not slackened in her duty that day! The Lord rewarded her a hundredfold for her efforts.

Similar incidents have occurred. Information regarding relatives and ancestors of whom no trace could be found has been discovered by those copying for the genealogical society of the church.

People became curious and often resentful, complaining that we should not disturb the dead. One young man passed a rude remark behind one worker, who, upon looking up, recognized him as a lad who had often visited her home. Speaking his name, she asked if he remembered her and reminded him of those visits. He politely inquired the purpose in copying the engravings, and when told it was to preserve records of Australian people, he was happy to conduct her to his parents' graves and introduce his sisters, requesting them to supply all information relative to their family.

Engaging in research in the genealogical library in Salt Lake City, I saw a lady studying a book which I recognized as being in my own handwriting. It was a book of records I had personally copied from the tombstones in Waronora Cemetery, New South Wales, Australia. I was thrilled to know these records were of such value that they were being indexed and alphabetically printed for the benefit of researchers—thousands and thousands of names!

Standing there, my mind traveled across the trackless blue Pacific to Australia, to those large cemeteries covering many square miles of mother earth. I visualized the group with which I had worked. The cold winter winds, scorching summer's sun, damp earth underfoot, sandflies, ants, flies, parched throats, many miles of traveling by train, all endured by those loyal Latter-day Saints whose souls are filled with determination to do that which they know to be right. A great admiration swept over me. Gladness filled my heart and tears of joy welled to my eyes.

For over a year the largest cemetery in the southern hemisphere, that great necropolis or city of the

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JACOB HAMBLIN...

Story of his



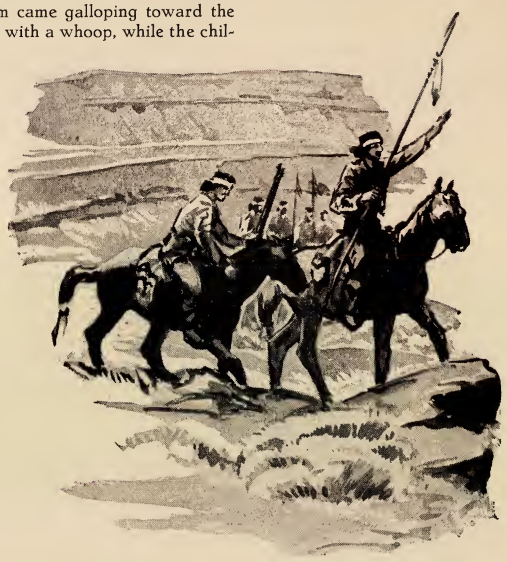
At the home of Jacob Hamblin in Kanab, Utah, in early spring of the year 1883, preparations were underway to make another trip into Arizona. Members of his family were accustomed to the usual routine that preceded a trip into Navajo country. An older son saw to it that his horse was freshly shod, while Jacob himself brought out the last and put new soles and heels on his own boots. His wife might sit up later for a few evenings in order to finish knitting a couple of pairs of wool socks and mend his warm shirts, and underclothes. Then, early some morning, with pockets and saddlebags filled with parched corn and jerkey (lean meat cut in strips and dried), he would ride southward, to return weeks later with his mission accomplished.

But this time it was different; Jacob was not leaving the family behind. The lead and trail wagons were packed with food, clothing, and bedding, and ready to roll; and his wife, Louisa Bonelli, and her children were going to Arizona to live.

Jacob was now sixty-four years of age. He had given his best years to the Church, responding to the frequent calls made by its leadership. He had carried the gospel message to the Piutes, the peaceful Hopi clansmen in their ancient villages atop the high mesas, and to the proud nomadic, warlike Navajos; and what was equally important, he had acted as peacemaker, often at the peril of his life. Without the friendship thus cemented and the confidence thus created in these peoples by Jacob, the early settlement of northern Arizona would have been impossible without serious bloodshed. Now he had been relieved of this assignment and had been given the blessing of his Church.

As he traveled the familiar roads day after day, Jacob's eyes looked at the hues of the Vermilion Cliffs and wondered whether he would ever pass this way again. He pondered upon the journeys he had made to Fort Defiance for the great peace conference in 1871; or to Granado, Red Lake, and Oraibi. As he forded the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry, and looked up at the towering crags and peaks, he felt that Echo Cliffs would never again re-echo the sounds from his wagons.

One afternoon, as they neared the end of their journey, two of the children were out walking alongside when the wagon topped the crest of a hill. It looked to them like thousands of Indians, Navajos, spread out across the flat. Several of them came galloping toward the wagon with a whoop, while the children hurriedly climbed into it and clutched their mother's skirts. Her face paled as the Indians came near; but recognizing her husband, they shouted, "Jacob!" Never had that word sounded so good to the children nor to their mother nor to Jacob. These Navajos had been on a raid against Geronimo and were spread out over the flat trying to capture some antelope for meat.



The Navajos had been on a raid against Geronimo.

Although Jacob went first to Round Valley, he decided to go to Pleasanton, New Mexico (near the present town of Glenwood). Here the water from the river and the fertile valley gave promise of sustenance for a community. The plan was to buy the farming land from the cattlemen. This was the era of "cattle kings." Some were of English origin, coming with money and looking for opportunity; others came from the South after the Civil War; some came because a sheriff was on their trail.

A verbal agreement for the purchase of the land was made. Jacob counseled each man to make sure that he completed the transaction



later years... death and burial

The Saga of one who was valiant

By Louise Lee Udall

could find the freshly planted seed. A large adobe fort and storehouse was built at a central point. A welcome cash income was to be had by freighting supplies from Silver City to a silver mine at Mogollon, in the mountains; the silver ore was hauled back to Silver City.

"Geronimo," the war cry of World War II paratroopers, meant something different to the great-grandsons of Jacob Hamblin than it did to his small sons and daughters in Pleasanton in 1883-4-5. Geronimo, an Apache Indian chief, had been double-crossed by a young West Point officer. He gathered a band of warriors and led them in raids of revenge against all white men for a number of years. His practice was to attack a small village, kill whom he could, steal the loose stock, then evade the troops sent to capture him by going into Mexico. Pleasanton was directly in the path that Geronimo followed in his periodic raids.

If a man at work in the fields saw Indians, he would hurry to the village, shouting "Geronimo," and all would hasten to the fort for a few hours or maybe overnight. At one time they were held in a state of siege for a week. Sometimes the cry came in the middle of the night, and the mother, perhaps alone, would awake and scurry with her small children to the fort for protection. The men on the freight road also had to be always on the lookout for Indians.

The community of Pleasanton knew three years of happiness and prosperity; three times crops were planted and harvested. As many of the men as could be spared traveled the freight road from Silver City to Mogollon. Each time they detoured by "home" they brought with them a plow or a new wagon, shoes for the women and children (the latter to be worn in winter only), heavy boots for the men, a new stove, or springs for the bed, yardage of gingham and calico, for Geronimo had been captured and exiled to a distant prison. A feeling of security and well-being developed, when alas, with the heat of midsummer 1886, the village was struck by an epidemic of "chills and fever."

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and procured his deed. There were eight families who moved in. Houses of adobe and logs were built. The land was cleared, and a diversion dam of rocks and brush was thrown across the river. Ditches were dug so that as soon as the plow was put to the virgin soil, the lifegiving water





HARMONY IN BOOK OF MORMON GEOGRAPHY

(Walter M. Stout. Published by the author, 624 Avenue F., Boulder City, Nevada. 31 pages. $1.00.)

THIS is an intelligent attempt to bring about unity among students of the much-discussed subject of Book of Mormon geography. With the limited accurate information at hand students of the subject will naturally continue to differ in their conclusions.

—*J. A. W.*

MR. JUSTICE SUTHERLAND

(Joel Francis Paschal. Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey. 267 pages. $4.00.)

GEORGE SUTHERLAND was a great American who whether in private life or public office rendered notable service to his country. As Congressman, U. S. Senator, and Justice of the Supreme Court, he distinguished himself as patriot, lover of the common man, and defender of the Constitution and the right of personal liberty which it grants.

The story of this man's life and particularly of his work, related to the times in which he lived, is well told by Dr. Paschal of the faculty of the University of North Carolina. Even to those who knew him, many are yet living, the stature of greatness in George Sutherland increases by the reading of this scholarly, temperate, yet inquiring book.

Above all things Justice Sutherland was an American. The Constitution demanded his first support, and he gave it his full defense. Personal liberty, the rights of freedom for every man, the avoidance of "surplus" government, and other like principles of life in a democracy he found in the Constitution. For these things he battled his life long with all the power of his remarkably clear mind.

Millions of Americans have reason to be grateful for the service of George Sutherland to his fellow citizens.

Justice George Sutherland was a son of Utah. We of Utah, and all readers of the ERA, should welcome this readable book, which relates among other things Sutherland's early life in Utah, his education at Brigham Young University, and his never wavering tribute to Karl G. Maeser as a great inspirer in his life.—*J. A. W.*

TIME AND THE WIND

(Erico Verissimo. Macmillan Company, New York. 1951. 624 pages. $4.95.)

THIS gifted Brazilian writer has made a stirring story of the early history of Southern Brazil from 1845 to 1895. Time really is the protagonist, against the backdrop of which the author weaves a story of rivalries, jealousies, and revolutions. From a rural, isolated farm the story indicates the development of urbanization—with its resultant problems and tragedies. Few writers have so keen an understanding of people as Erico Verissimo. A thoroughgoing Brazilian, he, in addition, has a rare understanding of the United States, having spent some time here, teaching at Mills College in California.

—*M. C. J.*

THE SKY CLEARS

(A. Grove Day. Macmillan Company, New York, 1951. 204 pages. $3.00.)

THIS book of poetry of the American Indians is an exciting one, bringing as it does, an insight into the cultural life of these truly great peoples. The author rightly points out, "The Indian has been too often portrayed in literature either in a sentimentalizing mood or in a manner tinged with suspicion and misunderstanding." His desire is to reveal the Indian as " . . . a man, with human feelings and human failings."

Most of the poetry of the Indians originated from the use of song—rather than for mere entertainment. This book affords the rare opportunity of getting behind the poetry into the soul of the Indian—and finding in that soul, something genuine to respect and to learn to love.—*M. C. J.*

THERE'S ALWAYS ADVENTURE

(Grace E. Barstow Murphy. Harper & Bros., New York. 1951. 299 pages. $4.00.)

THE author made a statement for all time when she wrote: "If adventure and a curious mind are not within one's inner self, travel is merely restless motion." The Murphys found adventure both at home and abroad because they maintained the spirit of adventure strong within themselves.

For those unable to travel this book will prove welcome, for it covers much of the western hemisphere and considerable of Europe and the South Seas. And through it all, the author stresses the importance of family love and loyalty—welcome emphasis in this day of easy divorce.—*M. C. J.*

THE PICTURE WINDOW

(Josephine Lawrence. William Morrow & Co., New York. 1951. 308 pages. $3.00.)

JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE is a novelist who dares attack problems that need thoughtful consideration. In this her latest she attacks the problem of older people—and of in-laws. Even if there are no two people so good as Garth and Bonnie, there should be—many, many more of them, if the world is to be a good place in which to live. Marriage with four in-laws, soon to be increased to five, and others who need kindness and a place to live, is not ordinarily anyone's formula for happiness, but all of that is what it takes to assure self-respect and happiness to Garth and Bonnie Wheeler.

—*M. C. J.*

THANKS TO NOAH

(George and Helen Papashvily. Harper & Bros., New York. 1951. 167 pages. $2.50.)

THE author's very first words serve to bring the reader up short: "Unless you've loved an animal—given one a corner of your heart to live in, then this book is not for you." Written in the quaint speech of one who has learned English, the book preserves the Old World quality of witchery that endows animals with human qualities, and humans with qualities that make them love animals.

It is a book to make all folk kinder to animals—and more considerate of people.—*M. C. J.*

ENTER MRS. BELCHAMBER

(Elizabeth Cadell. William Morrow & Co., New York. 1951. 247 pages. $3.00.)

HUMOR in this serious world is something to be welcomed, particularly if it is the clean, gay humor of Elizabeth Cadell. Mrs. Belchamber, a driving old woman, adopts Christopher and his three charges as they leave France for England. In spite of everything that Christopher and later a friend of his can do, she remains with them. However, she does have her good points, such as cleaning up the house where they are encamped while one of the charges recovers from measles and pointing out the responsibilities of the cleaning woman as well as the master of the house. A delightful book, it will sweep away the cobwebs of the workaday world.

—*M. C. J.*

Timothy Quickstep's Prayer

By William H. Peterson

In the early days at Fairview, Utah, most old-country folk were given nicknames, which in some instances fit exactly. Niels J. Nielsen, when a young man, had a nervous, high-strung disposition. He had fiery red hair, and his movements were quick. He was an adobe-maker and a brick mason by trade and generally ran to and from his work. He made what were called "slush adobes," the mud being mixed by his bare feet and a shovel. While at the adobe yard he went barefoot with his trousers rolled up to his knees, and traveled at a keen trot while carrying the adobes over the yard. He was chuck full of vitality, and when his day's work was finished, he would run home, straight up Main Street, barefoot, pants rolled up to his knees, head thrown back, his red hair gleaming in the evening light. Loungers on the sidewalks called him "Timothy Quickstep," and the name stuck. It fit him exactly. Many of the oldtimers remember him by no other name, and though his children resented it at the time, I think we are all proud to be known as Timothy Quickstep's children today.

In the year 1915 our family lived at Cederview, Utah, on the former Uintah Indian reservation on a part of the eldest son's homestead. That country was newly settled, and times were hard. There was, however, a demand for building material of all kinds, as the settlers were building homes and business houses as fast as they could afford them. George Davis, a son-in-law of Timothy Quickstep, suggested that the family all go in together and make a kiln of brick, as there was excellent brick clay on the homestead.

Father called the family together to plan the details. George Davis was put in charge since he knew how to make brick from the molding to the building of the kiln and the burning of the brick. Father kept a strict account of all the labor done by every man and boy on the job, with the understanding that when the brick was finished and sold, everyone would get his fair share for the labor actually performed. It was a busy summer for all of us, as we were raising some crops and putting in all the time we could spare on the brickyard; the family, together with in-laws, was large enough to handle the job without hiring any help. When the kiln was completed in the fall, it contained seventy-five thousand brick. Wood was hauled to the yard and piled in great tiers in preparation for the time when the kiln would be fired. Finally George Davis thought we had sufficient wood, and the fires were started in the arches. Our brick kiln was underway!

Burning brick is a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. The fires must be kept just so, and the arches must always show a certain color until the job is completed. About four days after the fires were started, it commenced raining and poured down night and day until the roads and country all around were soaked and impassable. Our bricks were only half burned when we discovered that we did not have enough wood to finish the job. We tried hauling it from the hills, but the horses would mire down the minute we got off the road. We gathered all the wood on the home-

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FOR THE hundredth time I lifted the bolt on my rifle. Yes, the cartridge was in the chamber. The mechanism was in perfect working order. All I had to do was shoot.

The bolt slid easily into place with a soft metallic click, and I dropped the sights on a white rock, which for the moment became an imaginary deer.

For five years I had come with Joe and the bunch to hunt deer. For five years I had determined not to return home without at least a spike buck. But each year my nerveless trigger finger had let the deer slip into the trees or over the hill without a shot. And each year I had been ribbed unmercifully when I brought home a pocket full of sketches instead of venison.

It wasn't that I couldn't shoot with the best of them. I had shot on a rifle team which had placed high in the running at Camp Perry. The blue ribbon on my navy uniform was won as an "expert" with a forty-five automatic. My trouble is—I'm an artist.

The things which thrill the average hunter thrill me also. The audible bounce of a deer, the majestic rack of its antlers, its break-neck speed have always sent chills up my spine. But where other hunters have thrown guns to their shoulders, I have tossed mine to the ground. Where they have brought back the trophy in a trailer, mine has always been on a scrap of paper.

This year would be different. I had been given their ultimatum. No deer—no hunt next season. This was it. I'd bring back a deer in the flesh or dump my oil paints into the Bear River.

Again I checked my rifle. The cartridge was still in the chamber. The bolt still slid easily back into place. The safety could easily be moved into firing position. I was ready.

The oak brush in front of me exploded as a charging buck burst through it. I was almost knocked to the ground as the animal crashed down the side of the ravine. Fascinated by the rippling muscles, the driving legs, the majestic carriage of his head, I just watched.

As the buck bounded toward the protection of a grove of quaking aspens, the crash of a rifle sounded from the hill above me. The legs of the deer folded, and his body ploughed into the mud, then, after a few convulsive jerks, lay still.



Each year my nerveless fingers let the deer slip into the trees or over the hill without a shot.

My rifle was still at my side when Joe Evert ran down the hill to the deer. I helped him drag the big four-pointer to the aspens where we hoisted it with a length of rope.

"What's the matter, Andy? Why didn't you shoot?" Joe wanted to know. "That buck almost ran over the top of you."

"He surprised me," I said. "By the time I got my gun up, you brought him down."

"I suppose you got some pictures of him." Joe was sarcastic.

"You got a buck for yourself, Joe," I said. "You're not too sorry I didn't shoot."

"O.K.," was his retort, "but you know what the fellows said, 'No deer—no hunt next year.'"

When the deer was dressed, we dragged it down through the brush to the old logging road and hung it in a tree where it could be reached by the pickup truck.

At camp Joe mentioned nothing of my failing to take a shot at the deer, but the others in the group wondered if the pattern of my behavior was running true to form.

"How did old Pencil-lead-bullets do today?" asked Red Elliot, with a laugh. "Did you bring back a locker full of paper deer?"

"Didn't have much chance," I said, but I avoided Joe's glance as I said it.

"What about yourself, Red?" I asked. "You can't hit the side of a barn with a pan of wheat—with the doors shut. Who's going to get yours for you this year?"

PENCIL LEAD BULLETS

Story and Illustrations by Farrell R. Collett

"I got one last year, didn't I?" answered Red.

"Yes," said Joe, "but you had to ride it to death to do it."

"What's the gag?" laughed Ross Peters, a newcomer with the party.

"Sure thing," said Red with a sober face. "I knocked a buck down, and just as I reached him, he got up with me on top of him. I grabbed an antler in each hand, and boy, oh, boy, did I have a ride!"

Ross bit for the gag. "Well, how did you get him?"

Red still held a straight face. "I just hung on until we rounded a cliff, then grabbed a rock off a ledge, and hit him behind the ears till he dropped."

Ross roared with laughter with the rest.

"Say!" Red suddenly remembered. "Ralph Astle told me that a ranger saw 'Old Rocking Chair' just night before last."

"Where was he seen?" Joe was all animation. Old Rocking Chair was an almost legendary buck of tremendous size. How he had escaped the army of hunters for the past five years was almost miraculous.

"The ranger caught a glimpse of him up Diamond Fork Canyon just at dusk. He was standing right in the road as the Forest Service jeep came up from Hoback. He says that the old boy has another rack like a bull elk."

"Was he sure it was the 'Old Rocker'?" Joe wanted to know.

"Yes. He had the white marking on his left hind leg," Red answered.

Stories about the old buck, most of which were pure fabrication or which had grown in stature with the years, flowed from the group like water. This gave me a chance to feel comfortable once more.

I had seen the elk-like deer only last year. I could still envision how the huge buck had cleared a windfall after winding me. He had been a perfect target, but I couldn't have shot if he had charged me.

Red must have sensed what I was thinking, for he said, "It will be just our luck for Andy to be the one to see him. Though I doubt that he'll be in this area after the barrage laid down today."

"Well," I chuckled, "if I see him, he at least will be around to give



the rest of you a chance at him next year."

"No kiddin'," was Red's reply.

The following day was another one of snow, sleet, rain, and occasional sun. Night found Ross with a deer to his credit. Joe stayed pretty close to me during the day, so he knew that a buck had not come my way. All of us were dog-tired, but each of us had seen the track of a huge buck, and our spirits were still up.

"I'll have to leave by five tomorrow afternoon," said Red. "I have to be back on the job the next morning."

Rain and sleet again fell during the night. Next morning Ross and Red elected to hunt close to camp. Joe and I decided to try the Diamond Fork area again. The dense forest covering of spruce, alpine fir, aspens, and oak brush would be sure to offer a refuge to Old Rocking Chair.

"Better take my buck, Red, if you don't get one," offered Joe. "Then if I don't help Andy get one, you can let me have a quarter when we get down."

The day passed slowly, as we slogged up and down hills fighting our way through oak tangles, and combing the draws and ravines in an effort to break a deer from cover.

"They hear us coming and just circle around behind us," complained Joe, when the two of us came together in one of our meetings in a shallow pass.

The day wore on, and we separated to cover each side of a small canyon. I reached the pass at the other end before Joe did and sat down on a wet rock to rest.

The aspens on the hill above me shivered in the cold October wind which whipped up the canyon. Their shaking limbs were bare except for one or two clinging, trembling leaves. The maples around me in their drab undress presented quite a contrast to the flaming frock they wore a month before. Oak brush, also leafless, seemed to cover the slopes like a tattered mist, and even the pines seemed to wear mourning because of summer's passing.

The mid-afternoon sun at last broke through the wet blanket of scudding clouds which intermittently had hurled snow, sleet, and rain during the day. Its rays smiled feebly in a halfhearted attempt to lessen the chill of the breeze but did, however, offer a picture of

(*Continued on page 764*)

Attempts to Prove

THE BOOK OF MORMON Man-made

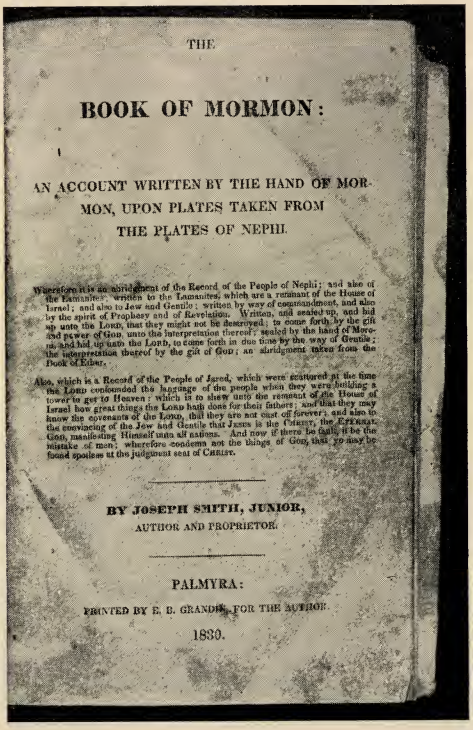
By Francis W. Kirkham, Ph. D.

"THE BOOK OF MORMON has withstood a century of attempts to prove it man-made. Despite fierce and unending assaults it continues to challenge the attention and scrutiny of the world.

"One result of this vigorous opposition has been the formation of a large Book of Mormon literature. Friend and foe have sought and sifted sources and evidences to support their views. Few books have been as thoroughly examined," writes Dr. John A. Widtsoe.

"The Book of Mormon must be either true or false," wrote Orson Pratt, in 1840, an early convert to the Church. "If true, it is one of the most important messages sent from God to man. If false, it is one of the most cunning, wicked, bold, deep-laid impositions ever palmed upon the world, calculated to deceive and ruin millions who will receive it as the word of God."

On March 26, 1830 the Book of Mormon was announced for sale by the *Wayne Sentinel* at the village of Palmyra, New York. Joseph Smith had secured the copyright on June 11, 1829, and in keeping with the requirements of the law, had signed his name as author and proprietor. The manuscript was delivered by him to the printer, E. B. Grandin, Palmyra, New York, in August 1829. Each night after the usual work of the day, the printing continued over eight months until the book was offered for sale.



THE

BOOK OF MORMON:

AN ACCOUNT WRITTEN BY THE HAND OF MORMON, UPON PLATES TAKEN FROM THE PLATES OF NEPHI.

Wherefore it is an abridgment of the Record of the People of Nephi; and also of the Lamanites; written to the Lamanites, which are a remnant of the House of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile; written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of Prophecy and of Revelation. Written, and sealed up, and hid up unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed; to come forth by the gift and power of God unto the interpretation thereof; sealed by the hand of Moroni, and hid up unto the Lord, to come forth in due time by the way of Gentile; the interpretation thereof by the gift of God; an abridgment taken from the Book of Ether.

Also, which is a Record of the People of Jared, which were scattered at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people when they were building a tower to get to Heaven; which is to shew unto the remnant of the House of Israel how great things the Lord hath done for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the Lord, that they are not cast off forever; and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, manifesting Himself unto all nations. And now if there be fault, it be the mistake of men; wherefore condemn not the things of God, that ye may be found spotless at the judgment seat of CHRIST.

BY JOSEPH SMITH, JUNIOR,

AUTHOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PALMYRA:

PRINTED BY E. B. GRANDIN, FOR THE AUTHOR.

1830.

The preface taken from the plates, in part, describes the Book of Mormon, as an account written by the hand of Mormon, upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi—"Written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and of revelation—Written and sealed up, and hid up unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed—To come forth by the gift and power of God unto the interpretation thereof. . . . And also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations. . . . "

Joseph Smith declared this preface was not written by any man in his generation. It was taken from the plates.

The Rochester *Daily Advertiser* of Rochester, New York, about twenty miles from Palmyra, published under date of April 2, 1830, only one week after its publication, the following:

Blasphemy—Book of Mormon, alias the Golden Bible.

The Book of Mormon has been placed in our hands. A viler imposition was never practiced. It is evidence of fraud, blasphemy, credulity, shocking both to Christians and moralists. . . .

It is an interesting and challenging study to discover and describe the many attempts to prove the Book of Mormon man-made.

From the newspapers published at Palmyra, from books written by residents, from affidavits of citizens, it can be proved that the persons, places, events, and situations described by Joseph Smith concerning the "coming forth" of the book were common knowledge among the

people of Palmyra. The historical events are conceded, the divine power in its writing, preservation, and translation is denied.

Obediah Dogberry, editor of the Palmyra *Reflector,* asserts and aims to prove its human origin in six weekly published articles beginning January 6, 1831.

Alexander Campbell, the noted evangelist and founder of the "Church of Christ," also described the human origin of the book within a year of its publication. His statement, agreeing with Obediah Dogberry, was published first in *The Millennial Harbinger,* February 7, 1831, was reprinted in the Painesville *Telegraph* March 8 and March 15, 1831, Painesville, Ohio, and later printed by Joshua Hines of Boston in 1832 under the title *Delusions.* This came to be the first universally accepted explanation of the origin of the Book of Mormon other than the one by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Alexander Campbell writes, "Every age of the world has produced impostors and delusions." He then follows with a long description of false prophets and false Christs. In one place he writes, "We have been thus particular in giving a few of the incidents of the life of this impostor, as a specimen of the others; and because of some remarkable analogies between him and the New York impostor, Joe Smith."

Under the heading "Internal Evidence," he writes:

> It (the Book of Mormon) admits the Old and New Testaments to contain the revelations, institutions, and commandments of God. . . . No man with his eyes open can admit both books to have come from God. Admitting the Bible now received to have come from God, it is impossible that the Book of Mormon came from the same author, for the following reasons:
>
> 1. Smith, its real author, as ignorant and as impudent a knave as ever wrote a book, betrays the cloven foot in basing his whole book upon a false fact, or a pretended fact, which makes God a liar.
>
> This ignorant and impudent liar, etc., . . .

Through nine reasons Campbell positively and definitely makes Joseph Smith the sole author and writer of the book.

He makes the final summary with this remark:

> I will sum up the whole of the internal evidences which I deem worthy of remark in the following details:
>
> The Book of Mormon professes to be written at intervals and by different persons during the long period of 1,020 years. And yet for uniformity of style there never was a book more evidently written by one set of fingers, nor more certainly conceived in one cranium since the first book appeared in human language, than this same book. If I could swear to any man's voice, face or person, assuming different names, I could swear that this book was written by one man. *And as Joseph Smith is a very ignorant man and is called the author on the title page, I cannot doubt for a single moment that he is the sole author and proprietor of it.* . . .
>
> It is as certainly Smith's fabrication as Satan is the father of lies, or darkness the offspring of light. So much for the internal evidences of the Book of Mormon.

About one month following the preceding explanation of the Book of Mormon by Alexander Campbell, the *Evangelical Inquirer,* a Campbellite publication at Dayton, Ohio, David I. Burnett, proprietor, published a complete number, March 7, 1831, to "Something new—The Golden Bible." This paper reprinted from the Painesville *Telegraph.* The above quoted article by Alexander Campbell refers to the writings of Thomas Campbell, also a letter from the postmaster at Palmyra, and reaches the same conclusion that Joseph Smith, an ignorant and impudent knave, was the sole author of the Book of Mormon. (Original pages at Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut.)

Within four years, another explanation for the Book of Mormon became imperative. The believers in its divine origin had gathered at Kirtland, Ohio, and in Missouri. They were Christian men and women of intelligence, character, and ability. Some were Protestant ministers. It was evident the book was not written by "ignorant Joe Smith."

The explanation by the people of Palmyra at the time and place of its publication could not be true. Someone, "behind the scene," with religious training and ability had conceived a plan to deceive the ignorant and superstitious. Sidney Rigdon, more than ten years the senior of Joseph Smith, a Baptist preacher who joined the Church within a few weeks' time of his hearing the strange story, must be the man who planned the fraud and wrote the Book of Mormon.

By searching, a manuscript was found which was claimed to give the historical background for the Book of Mormon. Joseph Smith was selected to present the book as a divine record translated by the gift and power of God. He no longer deserved pity nor could he expect sympathy. He was in reality a vile deceiver, a public nuisance that should be eliminated.

The authors of the book called *Mormonism Unveiled,* which set forth this new explanation, had in their possession a manuscript written by Solomon Spaulding, which they declared provided the historical parts of the Book of Mormon. For obvious reasons, they refused to print or reveal its contents.

During the next fifty years, scores of books were written calling Joseph Smith a vile deceiver. He was building a church upon claimed revelations from God.

Fortunately, in 1884, the Solomon Spaulding manuscript secured by the authors of *Mormonism Unveiled* in 1833 was found and published. It was evident that it had had no part in furnishing the contents of the Book of Mormon. Also, its author, who denied the divinity of the Christian scriptures, did not have the ability or character to contribute to the prophecies, religious teachings, and historical contents of the Book of Mormon.

A different explanation was again made imperative to prove the Book of Mormon man-made. Enemies stated that it was a longer lost manuscript written by Solomon Spaulding at a later date that was used by Sidney Rigdon when he wrote the Book of Mormon, not the one found and already published.

With the turn of the century, and with a constantly growing better attitude toward the Latter-day Saints, many writers have made various attempts to prove the Book of Mormon man-made. Joseph Smith has been called an epileptic, a paranoid, a myth-maker of prodigious talents; a person with a dissociated personality. One writer declares: "The Book of Mormon reveals the background

(*Concluded on following page*)

SMOKE SCENE

By S. H. Dewhurst

ONLY the autumn now
Hugs the brittle bough,
As gold leaves, brown leaves burning
Mark the year's swift turning.

ATTEMPTS TO PROVE THE BOOK OF MORMON MAN-MADE

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

of western New York of the first decade of the nineteenth century, as distorted by an adolescent mind, and as recorded by that mind in an autistic state."

More and more an effort is being made to trace the contents of the Book of Mormon to the social and religious environment in which Joseph Smith lived. Confusion is apparent among the writers. It becomes more and more difficult to declare Joseph Smith an ignorant, deluded person, or assert he was a base deceiver. An unbiased writer in 1951 asserts: "No Vermont schoolboy wrote this, [the Book of Mormon], and no Presbyterian preacher tinkered with these pages."[1] He permits the believers in the divine origin of the book to make their own explanation, and leaves their claims to the truth-seeker.

The Book of Mormon, because of its divine origin, is the greatest challenge of evidence of divine power since the death and resurrection of Christ. In a troubled and frightened world that recognizes the need of faith in God and a return in human life to the teachings of the Master, the Book of Mormon more and more challenges the sincere investigation of all people everywhere.

This investigation will include the evidence of divine power in the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, also the many changing attempts since its publication to prove it man-made.

[1] *The Mormon*, p. 21, reprinted by Deseret Book Company from *Faith and My Friends*, Marcus Bach, Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc. 1951.

THE SHIP "BROOKLYN"

(*Continued from page* 709)

'hatched below' during a terrific storm. Women and children were at night lashed to their berths, for in no other way could they keep in. Furniture rolled back and forth endangering limb and life. The waves swept the deck and even reached the staterooms. A passenger relates that their only light was from two lamps hung outside in the hall and these were dim and wavering from the movements of the vessel. Children's voices crying in the darkness, mothers' voices soothing or scolding, men's voices rising above the others, all mingled with the distressing groans and cries of the sick for help, and, above all, the roaring of the wind and howling of the tempest made a scene and feeling indescribable.

"The effect and feeling at such times were so wretched that with some of us the certainty of death would not have roused us to an effort to save life in our own behalf. And yet even there amid such scenes a few were cheerful and sought to comfort others, and those never for a moment lost belief that they would reach their journey's end. Upon one occasion, during a dreadful storm, the good old captain came down with grave countenance. The passengers gathered around him to catch his words amid the confusion of the scene. He said: 'My friends, there is a time in every man's life when it is fitting that he should prepare to die. That time has come to us, and unless God interposes, we shall all go to the bottom; I have done all in my power, but this is the worst gale I have known since I was master of a ship.' One woman, full of confidence and zeal, answered him: 'Captain Richardson, we left for California and we shall get there.' Another looked with a calm smile on her face and said: 'Captain, I have no more fear than though we were on the solid land.' The captain gazed upon them in mute surprise and left them. As he went upstairs he exclaimed, 'These people have a faith that I have not,' and added to a gentleman, 'They are either fools and fear nothing, or they know more than I do.'

"That storm passed away, and we encountered another off Cape Horn, in which one of the sailors was washed overboard. It was also during a storm that Mrs. Laura Goodwin was descending a stairway when she was thrown heavily forward, which caused premature confinement and death to ensue.

"They had a quick passage to Cape Horn. Their little children were on deck every day, attending school, jumping rope, and engaged in other amusements. At no time was the thermometer in the cabin below 50° Fah. On the deck, at one time, it fell for about three hours as low as 36° which Captain Richardson attributed to passing near an iceberg. Ran up to the cape with a fair wind, then took a west wind and ran up to 60° south latitude in four days, then took a south wind until they made longitude west of the cape, then had a fair wind down the Pacific; experiencing a heavy gale from the south, and were unable to continue with safety, so they scudded before the wind until it hauled to the east which brought them to the island of Juan Fernandez, where they found two families living.

"The first settlement on this island was burnt by the Peruvians several years ago, the fort destroyed, the canoes sunk in the harbor and the convicts carried away. The last settlement was abandoned a few years ago, at the time of the earthquake at Valparaiso when the island sank and rose about fifty feet; excellent water found, easy of

Australia—A Virgin Field

(*Concluded from page* 719)

dead, with over two million interments at Rockwood, New South Wales, has been the center of activity. Organized groups have been allotted certain sections, and they spend many Sunday afternoons and many holidays in this manner.

It is a huge undertaking. All who have the opportunity should cooperate and thus speed the work which is being eagerly awaited by the society in Utah. I can personally vouch for the soul satisfaction derived from this activity. There is no greater project upon the earth and none more fascinating and engrossing. Those who have not assisted in cemetery work have missed the most inspiring and satisfying work of all.

(*Continued on page* 730)

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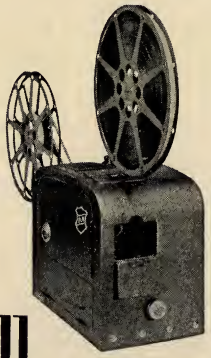
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THE SHIP "BROOKLYN"

(*Continued from page 728*)

access, about two rods from the beach; also plenty of wood. Goats, hares and pigs abound; likewise, figs and peaches.

"At Juan Fernandez we went ashore to bury Mrs. Goodwin. Although the occasion was so sorrowful, the presence of the six little children sobbing in their uncontrollable grief and the father in his loneliness trying to comfort them, still, such was our weariness of the voyage that the sight of and tread upon terra firma once more was such a relief from the ship life that we gratefully realized and enjoyed it. The passengers bathed and washed their clothing in the fresh water, gathered fruit and potatoes, caught fish, some eels, great spotted creatures that looked so much like snakes that some members of the company could not eat them when cooked. We rambled about the island, visited the caves, one of which was pointed out to us as the veritable 'Robinson Crusoe's' cave, and it was my good fortune to take a sound nap there one pleasant afternoon.

"May 9th.—The company left Juan Fernandez and reached the Sandwich Islands June 25, anchored in the harbor of Honolulu; the island of Oahu, the residence of King Kamehamaha, where the company remained eight days, to discharge cargo and receive wood and water. Bro. Winmer on going ashore was asked by a native if he was a missionary to which he answered in the affirmative.

"July 3. On leaving Honolulu, Commodore Stockton went aboard and inspected the 'Brooklyn,' and advised the passengers to procure arms on account of the unsettled state of California; the ship's company accordingly bought condemned muskets at $3 and $4 each.

"The company celebrated the 4th of July, were inspected and discharged their arms. There were fifty Allen's revolvers and each man had a military cap and suit of clothes. The company were drilled.

"July 31st.—They reached the harbor of San Francisco and landed at Yerba Buena (which signifies a good herb used by the Spaniards as a tea), found twelve or fifteen Spanish houses. Yerba Buena was subsequently named San Francisco. The *Brooklyn* proved a better ship than was represented. Capt. Richardson and his first mate were good and kind to the ship's company; every book in the library was read.

"A boom—and its echo filled the air; it was a salute from the cannon of the fort, ordered by the U. S. commander. The *Brooklyn* responded, and all hearts felt more cheerful and secure. Look! in the dim distance a dark body gliding on the water towards us while the familiar strokes of the oars brought it swiftly and steadily to our ship's side. It was a sturdy rowboat, that seemed a familiar friend. In a few moments uniformed men trod the deck; we knew they were friends—Americans, not Mexicans. In our sweet native tongue the officer in command, with head uncovered, courteously and confidently, said in a loud tone: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to inform you that you are in the United States of America.' Three hearty cheers were given in reply from faint and weary lips, but rising from hearts strong, brave, hopeful, and loyal still.

"They crowded upon the deck, women and children, questioning husbands and fathers, and studied the picture before them—they would never see it just the same again—as the foggy curtains furled towards the azure ceiling. How it imprinted itself upon their minds! A long, sandy beach strewn with hides and skeletons of slaughtered cattle, a few scrubby oaks, farther back low sand hills rising behind each other as a background to a few old shanties that leaned away from the wind, an old adobe barracks, a few donkeys plodding dejectedly along beneath towering bundles of wood, a few loungers stretched lazily upon the beach as though nothing could astonish them; and between the picture and the emigrants still loomed up here and there, at the first sight more distinctly, the black vessels—whaling ships and sloops of war—that was all, and that was Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, the landing place for the pilgrims of faith.

"Soon came the order for unloading, and all was activity, all being glad to stand once more on solid ground. A few tents were erected, and these were soon filled. Into the old barracks sixteen families were crowded, their apartments being divided by quilts, or other accommodating partitions. The cooking was to be done out of doors. The orders were passed around that all must stay within certain limits; the war with Mexico was virtually ended, but the vindictive enemy lurked ever near, ready to wreak vengeance upon the unwary.

"With hearty good will, trying to make the best of everything, the new colony, carried and landed safely by the old ship *Brooklyn*

(*Continued on page 732*)

A MOTHER TO HER MISSIONARY SON

By Mildred Tenney Handy

I will not look beyond this hour
Nor ask a further gift of Providence;
Your letter is enough to last me for all time
Should I have only this for recompense.

You left us, tender, young of youth
And memory of that day still lingers, poignant clear
Though time has slipped away on transient wings
And days have melted far beyond a year.
I saw you dimly, through warm tears
My babe . . . my little boy . . . my son so lately tall,
Who now would guard and succor all your needs?
And yet, I would not keep you from your holy call.
For this I'd prayed since first you stirred within my arms.
Why should it then seem such a cross
To read impatience in your eager eyes?
I thought your leaving was our loss!

Our loss? Today I prayed, dear Lord, forgive
The selfish heart that would have held you to my side;
Your words on thin, white sheets have pierced my soul
With unknown joy and reverent, humble pride.
The lance of truth you've taken up with zealous hands
Like those ancestral sires who gave their life's blood willingly
That black-robed evil be at last subdued
As Christ subdued the wind-wrought sea.
The thought that deadlier battlefields may claim you soon
Will fill my days no more with fright;
Your faith will be both sterling sword and shield
To speed you later through the bloody fight.

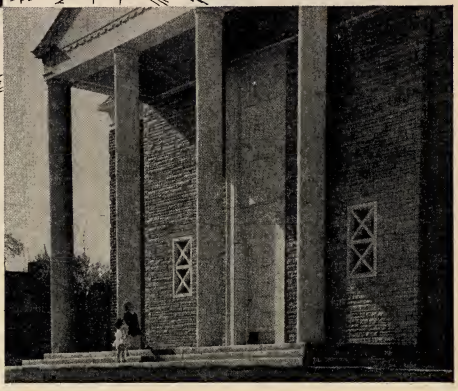
I will not look beyond this hour
Nor pray one alteration in the final plan;
Your heart-deep words reveal enough,
My son has grown—a man!





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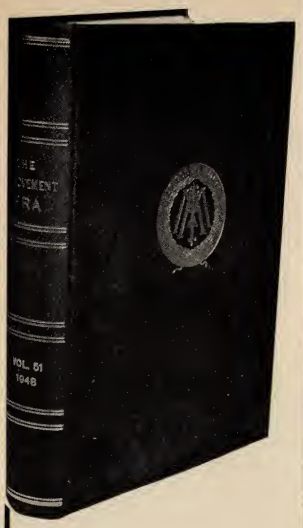
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THE SHIP "BROOKLYN"

(*Continued from page 730*)

from New York, began life and spread its influence, habits of industry and adornment of homes around them.

"The ship's company obtained a city lot and encamped thereon. There was one windmill which tried to grind.

"For their general benefit the emigrants who arrived in the *Brooklyn* formed themselves into a company under the name of S. Brannan and Company. They branched out into the various mechanical and agricultural pursuits necessary for the purpose of building up a new settlement; they took up city lots and improved the same. When they landed they had three months provisions; the mechanics could get money for their labors;

The "Real Thing"

RICHARD L. EVANS

OCCASIONALLY we see pictures of stars with their standins. To the camera they may look remarkably alike. And no doubt they have many qualities in common. But the one is the "real thing" and the other isn't. Sometimes differences between the real thing and an imitation are obvious and unmistakable, but sometimes the differences are subtle and difficult to detect. And sometimes when we don't know the difference we don't care. But as long as there is any difference, when we pay for the "real thing" and get something else, we have cause for complaint. And this is true whether we know it or not. Perhaps this is the cue for someone to say, "What difference does it make if we don't know the difference?" One answer is that some day we will know the difference. Truth doesn't change because of our ignorance or indifference, and somewhere along the line we have to face facts. A man may enjoy a ride down the river if he doesn't know that he's riding too close to the rapids. But the fact that he is ignorant of the danger doesn't keep him from drowning when the current carries him under. The happiness of ignorance is a dangerous kind of happiness. When we don't know, we live in danger of learning too late. Let's look, for example, at the matter of money: Money that is limitlessly printed on a press looks just as good as any other money. But individuals and institutions have been wiped out financially because they forgot the difference between the real thing and something that didn't have any substance to secure it. There are some actual and intrinsic values that are important whether we know them or not. And there are times when it isn't safe to accept the appearance in place of the actual article. The "real thing" is important in things, and it is important in people. The genuine and the shoddy may look alike in many ways, but innate qualities of character show up sooner or later. It isn't enough just to look like the real thing. The substance must be there as well as the surface. There must be sound, sure, safe standards; there must be principles from which we do not depart—or there wouldn't be anything that anyone could count on.

"The Spoken Word"

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, JULY 22, 1951

eight dollars bought a beef ox. There were fifteen or twenty white inhabitants, Americans and English, who kept stores and bought the tallow and hides from the settlers. Capt. Sutter had bought out a Russian post and paid the Russians in yearly instalments of grain. If any person rode into the country and killed a fat beef all the owner wished was that such person would hang up the hide and tallow on a tree to be secure from the destruction of animals. A hide was considered a dollar bank note.

"Commodore Stockton arrived soon after and took possession of the country in the name of the United States, planting the American flag on the public square of Yerba Buena."

The Importance of Teaching

(*Continued from page* 718)

tangy perfume, through endless distances of mountains and flats: deer country; a brilliant sunset highlighted the jagged hills.

Again in school, we came inevitably to the Indian brandishing a tomahawk through many bloody pages of history. Why? Why was the Indian putting his small descendant to shame in that fashion?

Patsy's concern was easy to relieve in that matter. I told the class, "The Indians owned America and left it free and beautiful. It was their hunting ground. They took what they needed from animals and plants and left all the rest unspoiled. Naturally, they didn't want the white men to kill all the buffaloes, to cut down all the forests, to take and take and destroy. Naturally they made war."

A helpful concept was furnished by the story of the Indian Squanto, who taught the white settlers how to live in this wild, beautiful, dangerous new land; the Indians, unnamed and unnumbered, who helped the white man. Patsy began to glow with pride.

Further on a few weeks, a few more chapters, we came to the "simple red men" who traded Manhattan Island for a few dollars; Indians in many places who traded empires for beads and calico.

(*Concluded on following page*)

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PORTLAND
SAN LEANDRO
LOS ANGELES

THE IMPORTANCE OF TEACHING

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

It was my turn to squirm at the premeditated villainy of the whites who engineered these trades. But the child didn't react to this type of event. Likely she'd trade the world for an ice cream cone herself. I was thankful I didn't have to try to explain how that old wrong became the white man's right to America.

Patsy has a high quality of courage. When our district superintendent made a visit to Pine Creek, Patsy took her nerve in her hand and marched up to talk to this stranger, to tell him an impressive fact learned from her history book, to speak to him about the Quaker, William Penn, who didn't believe in war. She was trembling, but she went, and of her own notion.

I do not allow any racial slurs in my classroom or on the playground.

This much good Pine Creek School has accomplished this year, to bring a little American Indian girl closer to adult citizenship, proud and powerful. This is the importance of teaching.

THE BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS

(*Concluded from page* 715)

As time goes on and as authentic copies of many editions of the book of Doctrine and Covenants become more and more rare, ability to distinguish positively one edition from another will prove to be exceedingly important. With the passage of time copies of all the earlier editions of this book in all languages will certainly become collectors' items.

One who would study the book of Doctrine and Covenants seriously and thinks to find the venture simple has much to learn. He will be helped somewhat by seeing a difference between revelation and the records of revelation. He will also find it wholly necessary to study Church history at great length.

The concept of *continuous* revelation so early established and so clearly exhibited in the book of Doctrine and Covenants is profoundly significant. The principle may mean continuous expansion of meanings and applications of given units of scripture as well as the more obvious idea of adding more units. Some real understanding of the principle will enable serious students of the book to tie the past continuously to the future without losing the important truths of the past or needlessly binding the future. Properly understood, the book will facilitate the growth of the Church and the salvation of its people. It requires time, much time, for the wisdom and the meanings of continuous revelation to emerge and to mature.

THROUGH THE EYES OF YOUTH

(*Continued from page* 713)

duct will be so different as to make him in very deed a messenger of righteousness. In the armed services we shall confront elements of unrighteousness, and as we do, I think it would be well for us to remember these words of the Apostle Paul to the Philippians:

> Do all things without murmurings and disputings:
>
> That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world. (Phil. 2:14-15.)

Latter-day Saints are not "of the world" but are a peculiar people in that they "shine as lights in the world." Remembering these things let us go into the armed service with the courage and purpose of true missionaries; perhaps we shall

(*Continued on page* 736)



"What happens when Standard men go into the armed forces?"

One question on many people's minds these days *is how military service may affect themselves or people they know...their jobs, their family security. People ask us, of course, about what happens to employees of Standard Oil Company of California.*

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Now suppose Bill is called into the armed forces. One of the tough problems he might face is a lower income for his family. But because he qualifies as to dependents and length of service, he'll be helped by a plan Standard has for him.



When Bill leaves for active duty, he's given an extra month's salary. Then Standard sends his family a monthly check to make up the difference between his military pay and his Company pay—an amount up to half his regular salary.



Moreover, Bill's Company life insurance remains in force—still paid for entirely by Standard. And the pension plan, which Bill paid for in part while he was working, continues to grow—but now Standard of California pays it all.



When Bill comes back from military service his job is waiting . . . his benefits intact. Standard, having big *economic* resources, can and does act to preserve the *human* resources of the nation . . . people like himself and his family.



This is Standard's "G.I. Policy" for qualified employees called into the Armed Forces. We believe it helps strengthen Company morale and that of the nation, too—another way Standard serves best by being a big company.

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(*Continued from page* 734)

find as did the Prophet Alma that the

> . . . preaching of the word has a great tendency to lead the people to do that which is just—yea, it has a more powerful effect upon the minds of the people than the sword . . . , (See Alma 31:5.)

Another crossroad of great importance has to do with our eternal welfare and happiness. It is the crossroad of marriage with its sacredness and importance to Latter-day Saints. Just whom shall I marry? We young people give much thought and prayer to this question, but more important than

(*Concluded on page* 738)

The Way "Home"

RICHARD L. EVANS

THERE is a tale told of a lad who had hiked to the eminence of a high hill in the company of a companion. The long effort upward had wearied the boy, and he thought longingly of the comfort of his home, which now seemed so far away. He turned to his companion, asking: "How do we get home?" and was answered with sweeping words and gestures that took in miles at a moment: "Just over the ridge and along the river and across the valley—and there we are." But with the reality of wide distance separating him from where he wanted to go, the boy replied: "You can talk your way home quickly, can't you? But I'm tired, and it takes a long time to walk there." In our dreams, and in conversation, we can quickly bridge over many obstacles and ignore great distances and much time, and save ourselves much arduous effort—but in life itself, with the physical facts before us, it is a matter of moving step by step, of living from hour to hour, from day to day, and no amount of tall talk or hopeful wishing will set the facts aside. We may see where "home" is, but the eye travels faster than the feet, and the wish is far ahead of the performance that would take us there. About all any of us can do is to move as our means and strength and opportunities and understanding will allow—toward the desired objectives of this life—and toward the objectives which the Father of us all offers each of us beyond the limits of this life, ever remembering the importance of keeping the course and of enduring unto the end. That we shall perform spectacularly is not expected of most of us. For most of us there is little of the spectacular in life. For most of us it is more a matter of moving as best we can from day to day. But conducting ourselves consistently with the best knowledge and ability and understanding that the Lord God has given us is important if we would reach "home" and be able to report as Paul reported: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."[1]

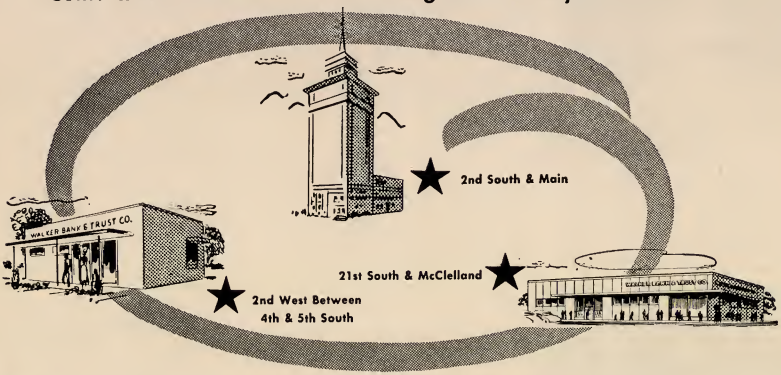
[1] II Timothy 4:7.

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, JULY 29, 1951

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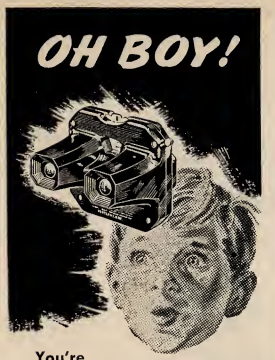
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THROUGH THE EYES OF YOUTH

(*Concluded from page* 736)

which person is the *type* of person we want to marry and whether that person has the same ideals and attitude toward marriage as we do. I am thinking now of temple marriage and the importance of choosing a companion for time and eternity. How privileged we are to have such a blessing if we live for it! How thankful we can be, upon being married in the temple, for the teachings of the restoration and the authority of the priesthood which can bind and seal on earth ordinances which will be binding in the heavens.

The world's idea of marriage is very different from the one I have been taught. The looseness of a civil marriage doesn't seem to hold a shadow of the value that the Lord intended marriage should. "Till death do you part" sounds very hollow to me in comparison with the words, "for time and all eternity."

For us as Latter-day Saints, marriage is the foundation of the greatest happiness. President Joseph Fielding Smith has said: "Marriage is the grandest, most glorious, and most exalting principle connected with the gospel. It is that which the Lord holds in reserve for those who become his sons and daughters." (*The Way to Perfection,* page 233.) The Lord has made us feel the sacredness of temple ordinances in these words:

> And inasmuch as my people build a house unto me in the name of the Lord, and do not suffer any unclean thing to come into it, that it be not defiled, my glory shall rest upon it;
> Yea, and my presence shall be there. . . . (D. & C. 97:15-16.)

I feel, therefore, that possibly the most far-reaching decision I can ever make will be to keep myself clean and continuously worthy to enter into his holy house.

I hope with all my heart that I might make these choices in the right way, and may our Heavenly Father bless each of us with his spirit, that we all may choose to live happy, useful lives of service; that we may also be messengers of the gospel of peace wherever we may be by living close to the Lord; and finally may we be endowed with his Heavenly Spirit, to be ever prepared to enter the House of the Lord and there receive the blessings which will exalt us in the eternities to come.

CHALLENGE OF THE MAYA MYSTERY

(*Continued from page* 712)

amined the collection in detail as an expert appraiser, and it was on his recommendation that B.Y.U. purchased part of the library. Accordingly, in 1946 the Maya section of the Gates Collection came to the Provo campus. Tulane University at New Orleans obtained the Aztec part.

Among the piles of crates unloaded at Provo that year were some of the most prized books of the New World. Among others were Gates' own originals of his definitive reproductions of the *Codex Peresianus, Codex Dresdensis,* and *Codex Tro-Cortesianus,* the only three Maya manuscripts known to be earlier than the Spanish conquest of America. Also included were many pages of unfinished manuscripts containing Gates' own investigations along with thousands of pages of invaluable rare photostats.

The work done by Gates in making available basic sources for research was instrumental in helping other active scholars in the same field to decipher part of the strange inscriptions that adorn the great stone monuments of Yucatan and Guatemala. Today about a third of them, pertaining to calendar dates, are deciphered. The remaining signs are more tantalizing than ever, for it may be from these that we can learn the answers to the perennial questions, "Who were the Mayas?" and "How did their high culture begin?"

Today the collection challenges all lovers of mysteries. The massive dictionaries, the pocket-sized grammars, and vellum-backed catechisms laboriously compiled by Spanish

(*Concluded on page* 740)



your neighbors . . .

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Every man who works with Utah Copper casts a shadow. But it's a shadow with substance, with reality, with life of its own.

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UPholstered furniture DOWN at the heels?

Clean upholstered pieces this way: Brush thoroughly with your special vacuum cleaner attachment or a medium stiff brush. Don't cheat: pay special attention to corners and undersides. Then go over the surface with a sponge or soft cloth wrung out of a gallon of lukewarm water to which you have added two tablespoons of Vano Powdered Bleach and 3 tablespoons of your favorite soap flakes. With clear lukewarm water, go over the surface again several times, removing all soap. Take up moisture with a soft, clean cloth. Let dry thoroughly.



KEEPING CURTAINS SHIP SHAPE

Shake curtains to remove all the dust you can. Then soak them in a solution of warm water and soap flakes, adding some Vano Powdered Bleach. Rinse well to remove all soap. While your curtains are still damp, dip into a strong solution of Vano Liquid Starch for that crisp, new appearance. Slip a curtain rod into the top and bottom hems while the curtain is drying and only the bottom hem will need a light pressing. If you press, iron straight with the weave of the material.

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If your favorite wooden chopping bowl is discolored do this: Wash the bowl in hot water, adding 3 tablespoons of Vano Powdered Bleach. Let the bowl soak for five or six minutes. Rinse and dry.



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And it isn't work done this way: Dip the blanket in a tub of heavy suds with lukewarm water and 8 tablespoons of Vano Powdered Bleach. Feed through a power wringer or spin dry and redip at least five times. Rinse twice. Stretch the edges and hang straight by placing the blanket half over the clothesline. Hang out of the sun. Brush when dry. Press the binding under damp cloth.



IF YOU'RE NOT USING

Vano

YOU'RE WORKING TOO HARD!

CHALLENGE OF THE MAYA MYSTERY

(*Concluded from page 738*)

padres, the tortuous lines of the native manuscripts, and even the provocatively half-finished manuscript of Gates' huge comparative dictionary of the Mayance dialects, all beckon scholars with a bent for the mysterious. Now housed in the quarters of the Department of Archaeology in the new B.Y.U. Physical Science Building, little use is being made of this treasure house of knowledge since fellowship funds and sufficient trained personnel are lacking. But the collection holds its secrets well, and those who attack it will have to be competent linguists to solve its problems.

The Question of Divorce

RICHARD L. EVANS

THERE is a problem perennially before us, acute and increasing. No matter how widely differing may be the laws and leanings toward divorce, we must admit that in our time there has been an alarming laxity of attitude toward broken marriages, broken homes, broken families. Perhaps most men would be willing to concede that there are some serious causes which seem to suggest that people who have once been wedded go their separate ways. But it must also be admitted that to the serious causes there have been added many superficial causes which cater to the quick changes of mind and of heart of those who too lightly consider the obligations and privileges of marriage. Often the person who seeks divorce as the way out has supposed that others who are married do not have adjustments to make or compromises of personal privilege. But never would we find a man and a woman whose thoughts and whose preferences were so alike as to require that neither of them give up anything for the privilege of pursuing life together. Too many who request a termination of their marital vows imagine that their errors of understanding and deficiencies of wisdom would, with someone else, unquestionably solve themselves. But those who cannot make their peace with one partner in marriage have no positive assurance that they can make their peace with another, because often those who seek separation suppose that others are wholly the cause of contention, whereas they themselves may be at least in part responsible. Admittedly there may be many exceptions to all these generalizations—but marriage is more than a social convention, more than a personal privilege, more than a legal contract. It is a solemn and sacred covenant which affects not only the lives of two people, but also the whole social pattern of the present, and the lives of the generation to come. Personal happiness, the strength of a nation, and the stability of society itself depend upon the integrity of home and family which easy divorce tends to undermine without putting anything in its place. These and many other solemn considerations should precede the making of a marriage, and should deter the decision to divorce.

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, AUGUST 5, 1951

Jacob Hamblin

(*Continued from page 721*)

Jacob was among the first to be stricken, and he was sorely afflicted. It was thought that the cool mountain air at Alpine, just over the line in Arizona, might help him. A sturdy spring wagon was prepared with a bed, and his son Jacob and son-in-law Abe Windsor took him there. Since Jacob's health did not improve, after about a week he insisted on returning to Pleasanton.

Lyman's fifteen-year-old son Duane was sent to take his grandfather home. The team was a little brown mule and a work horse.

It was raining, and Duane made camp inside an old adobe house at Spur Ranch the second night. Water soaked through the dirt roof and dripped onto the bed. Jacob became chilled. From this time he grew steadily worse.

Realizing his grandfather's condition, young Duane took a cut-off road over Milligan Hill; even though it was very steep, it shortened the distance several miles. It was a hard two days' drive from Spur Ranch into Pleasanton, and it was toward evening when Duane set the brake for the last dugway. He glanced back at his grandfather, who appeared to be sleeping and felt the load of responsibility already lifting from his young shoulders. He was relieved that he would be into the valley by dark.

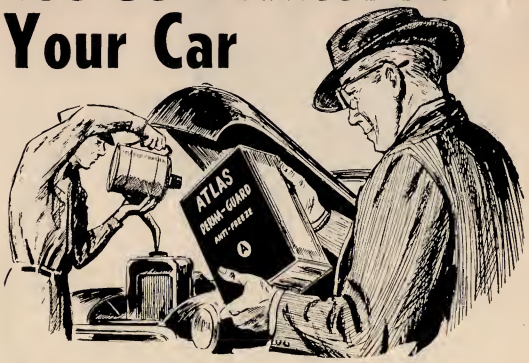
The screech of the steel rim as the wagon wheels slid over rocks was loud in the stillness, but it did not register in Jacob's fevered brain. Women wondered who was coming home; dogs came out to bark; and Duane straightened his weary body for the last quarter of a mile.

He stopped at Priscilla Leavitt's house (one of Jacob's wives) to find her and all of her children prostrate with the fever, except eight-year-old Dudley. So Duane drove on to the house where Louisa lived. She was standing at the door and recognized the little brown mule. Before Duane was on the ground, she was climbing into the wagon and after a quick survey hurried into the house to get the bed ready.

Duane aroused his grandfather and helped him to a sitting position to take the cup of cool water Louisa

(*Continued on following page*)

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Jacob Hamblin

(*Continued from preceding page*)

had brought from the burlap-wrapped jar. Jacob drank long and deep. Duane removed the endgate and climbed back into the wagon to help Jacob to the ground. Jacob finally managed to take the few steps to the house and into the bedroom, where he sank back upon the pillow, exhausted. He did not note the baby, restless in the crib in the shadowy corner or observe Louisa's anxious glance in that direction. Neither did he see the bed where the little girls were huddled under a quilt, shaking with a chill, in spite of the August heat, nor did he realize that the boys were in another bed, with all the covers pushed off as they burned in the fever stage of the malady.

Night passed, and in the morning Louisa prepared food for both families. Dudley came to take some to his mother and brothers and sisters. The day wore on. The heat of the afternoon found Dudley sitting by Jacob's bedside, fanning his face with a branch to cool him and keep the flies away from the semi-conscious man. Jacob lived out the day, but in the wee small hours of night the word passed from house to house: "Jacob is dead."

Louisa's sixteen-year-old son Walter had to see that a coffin was provided. So although he was in the convalescent stage of the fever, he went to Alma, a town a few miles away, and peddled some homemade butter that had been sent from Alpine, for the fabulous price of fifty cents a pound. He hired a carpenter to make a coffin. When Walter went to get it, to his consternation he discovered it was black, but it had to do, and he took it home.

How to get a grave dug was another problem. C. S. (Sam) Love and Frank Campbell, young men of nineteen and twenty years respectively, had been working during the summer months at the mines in Mogollon and were on their way home to Nutrioso, Arizona. They spent the night at the home of William Goddard. As they were preparing to leave the next morning, a message was sent to them asking them to dig the grave for Jacob Hamblin, since there were no men able to do this work. Taking picks and shovels, they rode to the flat tableland

near the hills about a mile and a half from the town. The ground was very hard; each stroke of the pick would loosen only a small amount of the *caliche* dirt. It took them the whole day to get to a depth of about four feet. Having finished this task, these two went on their way.

Priscilla's fourth-born was her first son, whom she named after his father but who was called "Jake" by the family. His young shoulders assumed a heavy part of the responsibility for his mother's family early in life. When he was twenty-one and married, he freighted for the family livelihood.

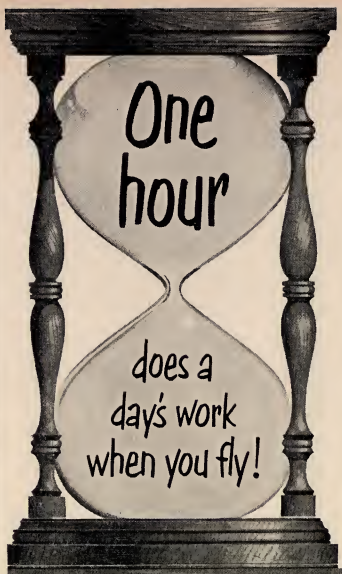
On the evening of August 30, 1886, Jake had made a neat camp on the freight road, a day's journey from Mogollon and the same distance from Pleasanton. The night had been filled with fitful sleep and troubled dreaming, and he was up early in the morning. After caring for his horses and preparing breakfast, he called to his younger brother Oscar. To urge him on, Jake said, "We'll be home tonight, boy. We're going home." Oscar was bewildered. "But I thought you said this load of freight had to go through today."

"It is rush freight, all right," said Jake, "but it won't get there today. I feel like I ought to go home. I am afraid something has happened. Last night I could hardly sleep for thinking about them, and when I did get to sleep, I would dream. I dreamed the same thing three times. Then I awoke, and it seemed like a voice said to me, 'Go home. You are needed there.' I am afraid something has happened."

And so it was that Jake and Oscar drove into Pleasanton in the evening of the day their father died. The load of perishable freight had to go through, and Duane and Oscar were sent to take it. They didn't get back until after the burial.

Men came in from surrounding ranches, and in the morning of September 1, 1886, they carried the coffin out from the little two-room house and placed it into a wagon and drove to the grave. Jake and Walter and Dudley were the only members of the family who were able to go, the little boy shadowing his elder brother as he looked on in mute suffering at this, his first ex-

(*Continued on following page*)



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JACOB HAMBLIN

(*Continued from preceding page*)

perience with the reality of death. The coffin was lowered into the grave and covered with rough pine boards. The dirt was replaced, shovelful after shovelful, until the grave was filled.

About two months after Jacob's death a man came to the widows and told them that he had the deeds to their farms, having purchased from the previous owner. Jacob had not followed his own instructions to procure his deeds — only the promise of them. The new owner now gave Jacob's families two weeks' time in which to move out.

Priscilla left within a few weeks and made her home in Nutrioso. Louisa stayed in Pleasanton that first winter with the Maxwell family. In the spring, Jacob's brother Fred came and took her to Alpine where, with his help, she was established in a log cabin and managed to eke out a living. The other families soon abandoned their places, and Pleasanton became a ghost town.

The St. Johns Stake was organ-

Beyond Tomorrow

RICHARD L. EVANS

One question that constantly presses itself upon us is the question as to what kind of world we shall live in tomorrow—what kind of world we shall find for ourselves and leave for our children's children. On broad lines, there may be those who feel that they know what kind of world we shall live in ultimately, when all eternal plans and purposes prevail and when we shall have found that long-looked-for heaven on earth; but ultimately is not the immediate tomorrow, and the more-or-less immediate tomorrow may cause us much concern. Whatever we may meet tomorrow, of this we may be sure: Somewhere along the line, whether immediately or remotely, we shall be well rewarded for all we have done well and worthily, and we shall pay a price for all our mistakes, for all our indifference, for all our misdirected actions. Some of these penalties do not wait for tomorrow. For some we are paying in the present—despite our preference to charge against the future. Under some circumstances it may be possible, for a long time, to charge against the future—but the future we charge against comes ever closer. In all history men have rarely faced facts until facts had to be faced. We avoid things until they become unavoidable. We postpone reality until further postponement is impossible. There is something about us that somehow makes us seem to prefer taking our medicine in big and violent doses, rather than taking the Great Physician's prescription—rather than following the formula of sound living from day to day—whereby we could avoid the periodic, deathly illnesses and the recurring drastic remedy. In the meantime, let the immediate tomorrow hold what it will; there are greater things beyond the immediate tomorrow, in the providences of the Lord our God. And we have within our reach a wonderful world even in the present if we will pay the price of personal and public repentance and return to the God-given principles which offer the only path to personal and permanent peace.

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ized in 1887 with David K. Udall as its president. Soon thereafter it was called to his attention that the grave of Jacob Hamblin was in danger of being washed away by the floods from a side canyon. He reported this fact to the General Authorities of the Church. Aware of the service this man had rendered and learning of the poverty of Jacob's families, the First Presidency appropriated six hundred dollars to be used in moving the remains of Jacob Hamblin to Alpine, Arizona, and to assist his families.

The responsibility for bringing the body to Alpine was delegated to Fred Hamblin, brother of Jacob, who was given enough money to cover expenses. He took two outfits, borrowing a light wagon from a man named Mortensen in which to bring the body back. Duane went to drive the second wagon, and James Martin, a lad of ten years, went along. The trip took about two weeks.

At Pleasanton they camped with Abner Martin. In the morning, the men left young Duane to look after the horses while they disinterred the body. The banks of the wash were very close to the grave, and a few more floods would have carried it away. The rough outer box was rotted, but the coffin itself was intact and rather heavy as they raised it to the surface and placed it in the wagon.

Duane reported, "They held a service for Grandpa when we got back to Alpine with him. They drove the wagon to the side of the meetinghouse, and everybody in town turned out. After the services he was placed in the Alpine cemetery. This was on July 10, 1889."

A memorial service was held in connection with a ward conference at Alpine on July 28, 1889, where David K. Udall presided.

A monument erected by the family in later years bears this inscription:

"Peacemaker in the Camp of the Lamanites."

ESCAPE ARTIST

By Ivan J. Collins

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OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

WHY DRINK?

CERTAINLY the vast majority of people who take their first drink of an alcoholic beverage do not ask themselves this question. And likely the first drink does them little, if any harm. Yet there is real danger in this first drink; for those who know the facts agree that about one person of every sixteen who takes the first drink becomes an alcoholic—a confirmed drunkard—that is, about six percent are drink casualties. If one of every sixteen who enter an airplane or a train or an automobile should become a casualty, would travel be popular? Yet, seemingly, social drinking is popular with many people. The first drink is taken with no thought of its danger. So here is where education should do its work. And if society would measure up to its responsibility in the matter, this work would be done—people would be warned by means so general that none could plead ignorant of the dangers that lurk in the first glass.

No one wants to become an alcoholic, a condition in which "I suffered constantly, not just one kind of pain, but all kinds of pain. I suffered physically, mentally, emotionally, financially, and socially. I tell you, honestly, and on behalf of those suffering three million human beings, that alcoholism is the most painful disease known to man." So said Mrs. Marty Mann in a nation-wide radio broadcast, December 1946. She is a recovered alcoholic and executive director of the national committee for Education on Alcoholism. Certainly no one wants to become an alcoholic. Then play safe; do not take the first drink.

But to avoid the risk of alcoholism is not the only reason for abstaining from drink. Among the others, according to the eminent authority, Dr. Haven Emerson, are the following:

1. "We have learned that alcohol, as commonly used today, causes more diseases, disability, and death than any other cause of ill health which is wholly in the power of the individual to prevent and avoid.

2. "Medical sciences have learned and found that alcohol is not a food, a stimulant, or harmful only in drunkenness. That was the former belief. The liver, stomach, and heart were supposed to suffer only from drunkenness. Those are the least of the damages alcohol causes. Deaths from alcoholism are the least of the harm that alcohol causes. It is the constant and severe interference with human relations, the disturbance of the conduct of people to each other, that is the major damage that alcohol does in our society today.

3. "Alcohol is a depressant, narcotic drug and not a stimulant. That cannot be too often repeated. The effects of alcohol are almost entirely, if not wholly, to be explained by its toxic damage to the central nervous system, the brain, and spinal cord. It is upon those tissues that the action of alcohol shows most strikingly. The only thing that distinguishes man from the brute is his power of self-direction, self-control, judgment, discretion. Those things are the first qualities of man that are destroyed by alcohol, long before there is any obvious interference with the muscles and motor functions of the body.

4. "In recent times, it has been observed that the life-saving reflexes of the body are all slowed from five to ten percent by amounts of alcohol too small to be socially appreciable, and in amounts far smaller than can ever be registered under the law or by the police as indicating intoxication. The

Melchizedek

The results from the seventies' quorums have been gratifying since this request was sent by the First Presidency. This Church is and must ever be a missionary Church at home and abroad. Let's continue the good work. Every member of every quorum who supports these missionaries in the field will be blessed for so doing.

July 20, 1951

TO PRESIDENTS OF STAKES

Dear Brethren:

The war effort is calling into the service of their country the majority of the single young men who otherwise would be going into the mission field.

Our proselyting force is rapidly diminishing. This means that unless recruits are had, there will be serious loss to the work in the mission field. Many investigators and new isolated Saints may be lost, some branches may be discontinued for lack of leadership, and perhaps many fields closed.

Missionary work is the special responsibility of the seventies, and we feel that now is the time when these good men may rise to meet a great emergency.

Some personal sacrifice may be entailed, but every man who makes the sacrifice will bless others and bless himself. We need a thousand brethren to carry on the work of double that number of young elders whose work in the mission field must be terminated within the next few months.

To that end we are now calling upon the quorums of seventy to provide us with these replacements. We feel that every one of the 345 quorums can and should furnish to us at least three full-term missionaries; some may provide more.

We therefore request that you bring this urgent matter directly to the attention of the quorums of seventy within your stake, stressing the necessity for early preparation for response to the call.

When the quarterly conferences resume, beginning with the 11th and 12th of August, it is confidently hoped prospective missionaries from the quorums of seventy will be available for interview by the General Authorities, and that before the coming winter sets in, a full

Priesthood

thousand men from these quorums will be in or on their way to the missions of the Church.

All calls should be processed in the regular way, the bishop making the recommendation after careful interview, to be followed by the interview of the stake president and the General Authority. These preliminary interviews should be made with extreme care and in confidence, to safeguard the Church and insure the ability and worthiness of the prospective missionary.

Both mental and physical health should be carefully investigated, in addition to the doctor's examination. The financial situation of the missionary should be scrutinized to assure that the family be properly provided for during the husband's and father's absence. If the missionary's means are insufficient, they may be supplemented either by quorum aid or by contributions from friends.

Care of the family should include not only financial support, but such protection and guidance as the wife and childen may require. Here will lie opportunity for the application of the true spirit of brotherhood of the quorum.

Seventies quorums will be expected to do all within their power to stimulate this movement, but they will not initiate or make the calls for missions. It is the province of the quorum council to bring the prospects before the stake president and the bishops. Presidents of quorums themselves will give great encouragement to the movement if some of their number in each quorum will prepare themselves for a call to missionary service. That action will speak louder than words.

We ask that after you have made a preliminary survey of the quorums, you submit to us a report of your survey and an estimate of the number of men who may likely be furnished.

In the confident hope of full cooperation on the part of all concerned, we look forward to a loyal response to this urgent call. With such response and the blessings of the Lord, his great missionary work will continue to go forward.

Sincerely your brethren,
David O. McKay
Stephen L Richards
J. Reuben Clark, Jr.
The First Presidency

evidence shows there is no form of human activity so far tested which does not show inferiority of performance as the invariable sequel of the absorption of alcohol.

5. "Perhaps the most important of all is the positive statement that no evidence of improvement in human health has so far been found to result from the use of alcohol in the normal human being. Alcohol as used causes many times more deaths than the infectious diseases."

In the light of all the risks, dangers, and damages caused by the uses of alcoholic beverages, why should any sensitive human being ever take the *first* drink? No satisfactory and justifiable answer can be given to this question.

DRINKING DRIVERS

Scientific observation and experiments absolutely prove that alcohol causes a slowing of the reflexes of the body, as Dr. Emerson states, resulting in many highway accidents. But usually the driver who has taken only a "drink or two" believes otherwise. He feels that he is more alerted and drives better after the drink than before it, deceived by alcohol, the liar. Consequently he speeds up and takes chances that otherwise he would not take. This is the testimony of traffic officers. They find that the greater number of accidents on the highways involving alcohol occur when only a "drink or two" is confessed. The driver who knows he is drunk is safer than the other.

Dependable chemical tests for alcohol in the blood have been developed and frequently used, so that anything the offender may say can be checked by these tests. So sensitive are these tests that amounts of alcohol in the blood much too small to produce visible signs of drunkenness are yet amply large to produce the slowing reflexes spoken of by Dr. Emerson in number four, of the foregoing statements. The "one-drink" driver is usually far more dangerous than the "drunken" one. During the fiscal year 1951 the Utah Drivers' License Division revoked 838 licenses, nearly all of them for drunken driving.

In Texas last year 6400 motorists had licenses suspended for drunken driving. But suspension is only the first step in corraling the offender.

Since it is found that alcohol is involved in twenty-five to sixty percent of highway accidents—many with fatal results—why not make it a misdemeanor to drive when alcohol is in the blood? Chemical tests are dependable witnesses. Human life is too sacred to be toyed with.

BE NOT DECEIVED

"The Temperance and Tolerance Association of America" is a comparatively new organization set up to counteract the efforts of temperance workers of the country for the control of the liquor traffic by local option, education, and other feasible means. The *Wisconsin Beverage News,* an organ of the brewing industry in Wisconsin said, "The T. & T. Association should be welcomed and supported by everyone in the alcoholic beverage industry" for it is dedicated to the promotion of true temperance and moderation in the use of alcoholic beverages, and it has the active endorsement of all phases of the brewing industry, including brewers, wholesalers, and union leaders. Is such support a matter of news?

The T. and T. Association is sponsoring a film for the public entitled, "The Truth Shall Make You Free"—an absolutely deceptive title. It gives the impression that drinking in moderation is commendable. Certainly parents do not want their children brought under the spell of this damnable film. Let all read the divinely given words, "In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom. . . . "

There is an eternity of matter, and it is all acted upon and filled with a portion of divinity. Matter is to exist; it cannot be annihilated. Eternity is without bounds and is filled with matter; and there is no such place as empty space. And matter is capacitated to receive intelligence.

—Brigham Young



The Presiding

Aaronic Priesthood Members to Collect Fast Offerings Each Month

THROUGHOUT the Church, in quarterly conferences during 1951, the principles of fasting and the collection of fast offerings have been emphasized by the welfare leaders of the Church. It is a timely emphasis and, if the admonitions are adhered to, will bless the membership of the Church immeasurably.

But there is one vital thing Aaronic Priesthood leaders should not overlook, i.e., that much of the desired effect will never be realized unless our Aaronic Priesthood members, particularly deacons, are assigned to visit each home in the ward, each month, and thus afford to each family the opportunity to contribute to the fast offering fund for the blessing of the poor.

Bishoprics are urged to give this matter full attention. Coordinators and quorum advisers will relieve the bishopric of the details of this project, but it is the responsibility of the bishop and his counselors to set the program in motion.

Where there are not sufficient deacons to cover the ward, allowing them time to return to the chapel in time for Sunday School, teachers, and even priests may be asked to assist.

Number of Homes to Be Visited

It is strongly recommended that not more than five or six homes be assigned each bearer of the Aaronic Priesthood collecting the fast offerings. Not a few cases have been reported where boys are dropping out of priesthood work or becoming very unhappy therein, because in some instances a single boy is assigned to call on as many as twenty homes each month.

This matter should be given serious attention by stake committees and by bishoprics. Why do we have to ride the willing horse until he either becomes tired and discouraged or balks—especially when he is yet a "colt"?

Again, five or six homes are plenty for one boy to call upon, perhaps even too many where considerable distances are a factor.

Collecting Fast Offerings In Scattered Areas

Where a boy must cover considerable distance to call upon his assigned homes, even beyond the practical use of a bicycle, older members of the Aaronic Priesthood may be assigned to furnish transportation in the family car where agreeable to the parents. In some such areas, the adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood are delighted beyond words at being asked to drive their cars while the deacon makes the calls at homes.

There are ways to do it if leaders think "it can be done." Let's get it done: It will bless so many in so many ways.

Ward Teachers Have Dual Responsibility

NOT all ward teachers comprehend the magnitude of the Lord's mandate to "watch over the Church always." This admonition places far-reaching responsibilities on those assigned to do ward teaching. While the ward teacher's chief responsibility is to those members placed in his care, he should also be concerned about the growth and progress of the Church as a whole. It is his duty to uphold its standards, defend its principles, advance its doctrines, sustain its leaders, foster its interests, and promote its objectives.

The exemplar of good character upholds its standards; thorough study enables the ward teacher to acquire knowledge of its principles and doctrines and qualifies him to advance and defend them; loyalty sustains its leaders; and a willingness to contribute time, talents, and substance, fosters and promotes its interests and objectives.

He should realize that the strength of God's kingdom here on earth depends upon the attitude and devotion of its members. As an officer of the kingdom, it is his duty to protect its citizens by teaching them the value of its saving principles. By strengthening the individual member, he also strengthens the Church collectively. Surely no conscientious ward teacher would consider such a responsibility as being unimportant.

Today Is Your Only Day to Work

TODAY is the only day in your life. Its rising sun is overflowing with glorious opportunities and dreadful temptations. Time is its lifeblood. The setting sun of today will cast its golden reflections or its fearful shadows on the souls of those who have used or misused its precious moments. The problems of today are the only problems you are called upon to solve. Yesterday's challenges are gone forever, and tomorrow's are yet unborn. Your joys and your sorrows, your opportunities and failures belong to today. The rock upon which you stand at this very moment is either the stepping stone to exaltation or the stumbling block to failure and sorrow.

It is well said that "procrastination is the thief of time." It is one of the devil's most potent weapons. It destroys the seeds of success. It lulls us into a state of lethargy. Procrastination blinds us with beautiful air castles and fantasies of tomorrow and makes us forget the necessity of laying strong, tangible foundations in our temples of character today. Yes, it does rob us of time, the "stuff" that life is made of, the most precious thing we have. It takes from us the minutes and hours, every one of which we need to accomplish the purposes for which we were sent here.

Do you, the leaders of adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood, find yourselves saying, "I will make my visits tomorrow; I will start regular cottage meetings next month; I will really get to work when the weather clears up"? How easy it is to put off until that tomorrow which never comes, the things that should be done today. The happiness of men, women, and children are depending on your actions today. Your own peace of mind and satisfaction of soul depend upon your realizing the importance of the call the Lord has made of you, the magnitude of the responsibility he has placed upon you, and the dangers of procrastination. Today is your day, your only day.

AWARD RECORDS FOR 1950

Standard Quorum Awards Approved to September 1, 1951..... 876
Individual Certificates of Award Approved to September 1, 1951.....13,825

Bishopric's Page

Prepared by Lee A. Palmer

When Shall Stake Committees Visit Wards?

THE question in the title to this article is a familiar one. The answer is quite simple.

Members of the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee should visit wards at whatever time or times they can see the Aaronic Priesthood program, or any part of it, in action.

The ward priesthood meeting provides an excellent opportunity to see the bishopric in action as the presidency of the Aaronic Priesthood, to see the bishop in action as the president of the priests' quorum, to see coordinators, advisers, and secretaries in action, to see quorum presidencies in action.

The ward boy leadership meeting provides an opportunity for the stake visitors to see one of the very major features of the program in action, i.e., assignments for personal contacts between leaders and boys.

It is in the leadership meeting we see the machinery of the program set in motion. It is in the priesthood meeting we see the more-or-less finished product in the boy. It is in the leadership meeting we consider the "inactive." It is in the priesthood meeting we behold the "active." Both, and their kindred observations, are essential to the efficiency of the stake committee.

Stake and ward Aaronic Priesthood social functions are other opportunities to see what our program is doing for our boys.

Members of the stake committee should visit whenever and wherever they may assist bishoprics in the promotion of the entire Aaronic Priesthood program.

We emphasize that, wherever possible, each ward should be visited and given needed assistance every month.

Absentees to Be Given Activity Credits

THE question has been asked concerning the absentee, "when an absentee reports his activities for several months at a time, are we to record all reported activities in his quorum roll when received so late?"

All activities reported by the absentee, covering any period of time, are to be recorded in his quorum roll at the time the report is received. All such credits are to be figured into the quorum's record at the end of the year looking to the standard quorum award and into the member's record looking to the individual certificate of award.

Where an absentee reports his activities for one month, and the report is received after the ward and stake Aaronic Priesthood reports have been computed and mailed for that month, the information is to be recorded in the quorum roll without any attempt to adjust either the ward or the stake report for that month.

It is sufficient that the added information be included in the computations at the end of the year which determine the eligibility of the quorum and the individual for the Standard Quorum Award or the Individual Certificate of Award.

Think it Over

Life's afterglow is made the brighter because of the unresisted and irresistible leadership of yesteryears.

Time will come when you will be the "leadership of yesteryears."

What contribution will you have made to life's afterglow from the lives of those whom you lead today? —L. A. P.

Applications For Awards Should Be Made Early

Eight months after quorums and individuals have earned their awards for 1950, we are still receiving applications therefor. Why?

Boys often lose interest entirely when their leaders fail in such manner to apply for the coveted awards. It's much like heating up a cold bowl of cereal and assuming it will taste just as good as when prepared originally.

Be ready to go when this year's work is ended. The best time to receive an award is immediately after it has been earned—not several months later.

Aaronic Priesthood Handbooks Not Yet Available

WHILE our new Aaronic Priesthood handbooks are not yet available, we are making progress and will give ample notice when they are ready for distribution.

In the meantime, leaders coming into the work, or other leaders without handbooks, will do well to check with former Aaronic Priesthood leaders who may have a handbook and be happy to give it to the new leader. This is the only way to avail yourself of a handbook until the new ones are available.

Aaronic Priesthood handbooks "Issued January 1, 1949," and "Reprinted January 1, 1950," are the latest editions.

It is suggested that all Aaronic Priesthood leaders keep a watchful eye on the Presiding Bishopric's Page of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA and of the Church Section of *The Deseret News* for changes and instructions coming out since the latest editions of the handbook were printed.

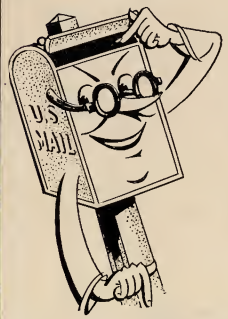
CHESTER WARD YOUTH (MORONI, UTAH, STAKE) FETED IN SALT LAKE CITY

Twenty Aaronic Priesthood members and girls of corresponding ages were recently treated to a full day of exciting experiences in Salt Lake City in recognition of their faithfulness in Church activity.

Bishop Delon Dyches was the official host and took the lead in all arrangements.



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TIMOTHY QUICKSTEP'S PRAYER

(*Concluded from page 723*)

stead; burned our woodpiles and fences, in fact, everything on the place that would ignite. George estimated the bricks were about three-fourths finished when we threw in the last of our wood, and Father ordered us to seal up the arches. We could do no more.

We were a pretty discouraged bunch that night about ten o'clock when we finished plastering all leaks in our brick kiln. George, who understood brick, said the extra work we were doing was useless. He said that as soon as the fire burned down the arches would cave in, and that there would be nothing but a pile of smoldering ashes and useless adobes. However, we obeyed Father's orders. We older ones stood in front of the kiln after the job was finished, sympathizing with ourselves. Father left us standing there. He walked around behind the kiln. After a minute or two, I followed him, thinking he was taking it pretty hard and might need a hand on his shoulder, as misery likes company. As I rounded the corner of the kiln, I saw him, hands above his head and his body pressed against the brick kiln, talking to the Lord. I quietly withdrew around the corner and listened to him pour out his heart to his Heavenly Father. He explained our condition and our obligations—how we had done all we were able to do, and that now it was up to him to finish the job.

I returned and told my brothers and brother-in-law what Father was doing. Quietly we left and went to our homes. When the time came that the brick should ordinarily have been fired, Father said:

"Well, boys, let's go out and uncover the brick."

Without faltering and with perfect faith in the outcome, so far as I could see, he took charge of the job. When we reached the brick, Father picked up two of them and knocked them together. They rang like bells. They were the nicest-colored and finest brick I ever saw burned in the country. We were able to sell all of them, meet our obligations, and buy our winter's supplies.

* * * * *

Some people say the wet weather finished the brick, but the Nielsen family know who it was that finished the brick.

SECOND WIND

(*Continued from page 717*)

off the groove in the can lid; it bit cruelly under her fingernail; she stood rigid for an instant, her face white with pain.

Then, very deliberately, she bent again to pry open the can. The lid came loose this time. She stirred the paint carefully, dipped her brush, turned to the unpainted window sash laid over two sawhorses. Just as deliberately she made her mind a blank. Her brush flicked skilfully over the white, sweet-smelling wood. And just as the satiny coat of paint was completed, a strong gust of hot wind whipped through the remaining open windows, scattering dirty sawdust with a heavy hand over the wet paint.

Spontaneously Nora's control broke. The brush fell from her fingers, and she buried her face in her hands, weeping bitterly as a child. The accumulation of fatigue and tension, all the nagging little worries burst forth in an explosion of frustrated emotion.

When it was over, she walked into the kitchen where Tom left a bucket of fresh water each night. She had been bathing her eyes for a few minutes when growing awareness of Penny's unintelligible chatter warned her that someone was approaching the front door. Giving a last hasty dab to her eyes, she returned to the hall just as Penny threw open the door in a burst of hospitality and ushered into the house the immense figure of a woman. Mrs. Dawes immediately filled the entire house. Her voice, her personality, the heroic proportions of her immaculately clad figure were a little overwhelming.

"My, how I envy you!" she boomed, her black eyes sweeping over Nora's tousled, grubby appearance and the naked, unfinished rooms.

If she's patronizing, I won't be able to stand it, Nora decided. There had previously only been reserved exchanges from a distance with this neighbor, the woman in the handsome colonial house with the double garage—this dominating, beautifully dressed wife of a successful architect.

Without waiting for Nora's reply Mrs. Dawes boomed again, her big, well-manicured hand running over the smooth wood of a door frame. "I do believe our happiest days were those when Mr. Dawes and I went around with smashed thumbs and sore joints, building our own place. With three little apprentices underfoot, too, trying out hammers on each other's heads—"

Humiliation over her own appearance forgotten, Nora broke in incredulously, "But — you didn't build your own house — that big house up the street?"

Penny stared fascinated as Mrs. Dawes' deep chuckle began in her cavernous throat and cascaded out effortlessly. "Oh, mercy, didn't we? It doesn't do for a young architect to live in a rented apartment, and we couldn't afford the kind of house we wanted. So we built the frame of that house with our own hands. This district was way out in the country then. Why, we lived in the lower four rooms for almost two years. Had a wonderful time!"

Nora smiled, shaking her head. "You make it sound such a game, Mrs. Dawes. Don't you remember that eventually the sport wore off?"

The woman's dark eyes which had previously glittered and glanced lightly, turned to gaze steadily into Nora's. "Of course, the fun wore off once in awhile. But it's like bringing up your children. When they're grown up and you're looking forward to a quiet life of your own, you suddenly wish with all your heart that you had it to do over again. You want all the fun and the heartbreak and the joy again."

She turned briskly to Penny. "Come now, little lady, where did you put that pitcher of lemonade I brought your mother? She might feel like stopping work for a minute."

Nora laughed outright. "Stopping? I hadn't even made a respectable start!" She moved away to find and set up the battered folding table, and something strange and delicate was stirring within her; a warm, tingling strength was slowly flooding her body, stimulating all its vital forces—a rippling, all pervading sensation of power and resolution!

"Second wind," she breathed wonderingly, heedless that Mrs. Dawes may have heard the apparently irrelevant words. After all, Mrs. Dawes knew about second wind, and third, and even fourth wind.



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THE WORLD OF THE JAREDITES

(*Continued from page 706*)

every man suddenly speaking a new language. We are told in the Book of Ether that the languages were confounded with and *by* the "confounding" of the people: "Cry unto the Lord," says Jared (I:34), "that he will not confound us that we may not understand our *words*." The statement is significant for more than one thing. How can it possibly be said that "*we* may not understand *our* words"? Words we cannot understand may be nonsense syllables or may be in some foreign language, but in either case they are not *our* words. The only way we can fail to understand our own words is to have words that are actually ours change their meaning among us. That is exactly what happens when people, and hence languages, are either "confounded," that is, mixed up, or scattered. In Ether's account, the confounding of *people* is not to be separated from the confounding of their languages; they are, and have always been, one and the same process: the Lord, we are told (I:35-37), "did not confound the language of Jared; and Jared and his brother were not confounded . . . and the Lord had compassion upon their friends and their families also, that they were not confounded." That "confound" as used in the Book of Ether is meant to have its true and proper meaning of "to pour together," "to mix up together," is clear from the prophecy in XIII:8, that "the remnant of the house of Joseph shall be built upon this land . . . and they shall no more be confounded," the word here meaning mixed up with other people, culturally, linguistically, or otherwise.

Yet another important Biblical expression receives welcome elucidation from our text: though Ether says nothing about "the whole earth" being "of one language and one speech" (Gen. XI:1), he does give us an interesting hint as to how those words may be taken. Just as "son" and "descendant" are the same word in Hebrew and so may easily be confused by translators (who in fact have no way of knowing, save from the context, in which sense the word is to be understood), so "earth" and "land" are the same word, the well-known *eretz*. In view of the fact that the Book of Ether, speaking only of the Jaredites, notes that "there were none of the fair sons and daughters upon the face of the whole earth who repented of their sins" (XIII:17), it would seem that the common "whole earth" (*kol haaretz*) of the Old Testament need not always be taken to mean the entire globe. Certainly it is quite as legitimate to think of the days of Peleg as the time when, as the old Jewish writers describe it, "the children of Noah began to divide the earth among themselves,"[42] as, without the least authority, to visualize the drifting of the continents or the rending apart of the terrestrial globe. A reader's first reaction to an ancient and fragmentary text usually becomes a lifelong credo, though research and revelation have combined in latter days to discredit this obvious and easy solution of the mysteries. The Book of Ether, like First Nephi, is, when we come to examine it, heavily weighted in the direction of sober and factual history and was never meant to be a springboard for the imagination; for example, our record does not attribute the scattering of the people, as one might innocently suppose it does, to the confusion of tongues. After the brother of Jared had been assured that he and his people and their language would not be confounded, the question of whether they would be driven out of the land still remained to be answered: that was another issue, and it is obvious that the language they spoke had as little to do with driving them out of the land as it did with determining their destination. It was something else that drove the reluctant Jaredites from their homes. What could have forced them to leave? History to be sober and factual need not deal with the dull, normal, and everyday. The confounding and scattering of the people of the tower was no slow working out of the historical process. It was sudden and terrible, and the Book of Ether gives the clearest possible indication of what caused it.

But this introduces a theme on which it is impossible for me to

speak with brevity. Let us consign it to a later communication.

(*To be continued*)

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[8]For the classic treatments of the tower, see A. Jeremias, *Das Alte Testament im Lichte des Alten Orients* (Leipzig: 1916), pp. 168-180; W. Andrae, "Das Gotteshaus und die Urformen des Bauens, in *Das Alten Orient*" 1930, 1ff; Theod. Dombart, *Der Sakralturm* (1920), and "Der babylonische Turm," in *Das Alte Orient* XXIX (1930), Heft 2; Eric Burrows, in S. H. Hooke (ed.), *The Labyrinth* (London: 1937), and below, n. 19.

[9]*The Book of Enoch* VI, 2; *The Book of Jasher IX*, 20ff; E.A.W. Budge, *The Chronography of Bar Hebraeus* (Oxford: 1932), I, 3 (ch. 4).

[10]H. Nibley, "The Arrow, the Hunter, and the State," *The Western Political Quarterly* II (1949), 339ff.

[11]Nibley, *loc. cit.*, cf. William Nestle, "Legenden vom Tod der Gottesverächter," *Archiv für Religionswissenschaft* XXXIII (1936), 246-270.

[12]The vague "before the Lord" of the King James version (Gen. X:9) conceals the true meaning, rendered "against the Lord" by the Rabbinical and early Christian writers; on this head see K. Preisendanz in Pauly-Wissowa, *Realenzyklopaedie der Altertumswissenschaft* XVII, 624.

[13]Under the direction of Nimrod men said, "We will ascend to heaven and smite him (God) with bows and spears; and God knew all their works . . . and he saw the city and the tower which they were building," thus Jasher IX, 20, cf. G. Sale, *The Koran* ch. xxi, p. 269. The same custom and the same arrogance is reported of the ancient Thracians, Herodotus, *Hist.* IV, 94.

[14]See the article on *Nimrod* in the *Jewish Encyclopedia*; cf. *Book of Enoch* X, 7-10 on Azazel the mad hunter to whom "is ascribed all sin," who "led the angels in their pursuit of the daughters of men," etc.; Preisendanz, *loc. cit.*

[15]Clemens Romanus, *Homilia* ix, 3-5, in J. P. Migne, *Patrologia Graeca* II, 241-4.

[16]*Chron. Paschal.* xxxvi, in Migne, *Patrol. Graec.* XCII, 145.

[17]*Koran* xxxi, 68f; cf. Anon. Chron. in Migne *Patrol. Latina* III, 680.

[18]Mahbub (Agapius) of Menbij, *Kitab al-Unwan* (ed. A. Vasiliev), in *Patrologia Orientalia* V, 631; Bar Hebraeus, *Chronography* (Budge I, 8); on Nimrod the usurper who "slew his father and took his mother to wife," C. M. Doughty, *Travels in Arabia Deserta* (New York: Random House, 1937), II, 32.

[19]Boscawen, "The Legend of the Tower of Babel," *Bibl. Archaeological Soc. Transactions* V (1876), 303ff.

[20]A. J. Carnoy, *Iranian Mythology* (vol. VI of *Mythology of all Races*, Boston, 1917), p. 321. When Seth succeeded Adam in the priesthood, he ordered a special record to be kept, which was called the Book of Life but was concealed from the sons of Cain, according to the *Persian antiquarian Tha'labi, Kitab Qisas al-Anbya-i* (Cairo, A. H. 1345), p. 33; the Dragon's Book was an imitation of this. In some accounts Jemshid himself, the

(*Continued on following page*)



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The World of The Jaredites

(*Continued from preceding page*)

first king and father of the human race, is described as the usurper, e.g. Ad-Diyarbakri, *Tarikh al-Khamis* (Cario, A. H. 1283), I, 67; C. Huart and L. Delaporte, *L'Iran Antique* (Paris: A. Michel, 1943), pp. 454f.

[21]K. Preisendanz, in Pauly-Wissowa, *Realenzykl.* XVII, 625f. Kraeling (in *Jnl. Bibl. Lit.* 66 (1947), 289, n. 1) has finally accepted Eduard Meyer's much-doubted theory (*Geschichte des Altertums* II.2.31f), that the name is Egypto-Lybian.

[22]O. Emin, *Izsledovania i Statyi* (Moscow, 1896) pp. 301-3.

[23]I have treated this subject at some length in an article, "The Hierocentric State," in *The Western Political Quarterly* III (1951), 226-253. For a survey of various such primordial mountains, T. H. Gaster, *Thespis* (N.Y.: Schuman, 1950), pp. 184f, 169-171; H. R. Hall in *Journal of Egyptian Archaeology* X (1924), 185ff.

[24]C. J. Gadd, *Ideas of Divine Rule in the Ancient East* (London: 1948), p. 1; Dahhak-Jemshid (above n. 20) is a typical example of this.

[25]Jasher VIII, 39-46.

[26]A. Jeremias, *Das Alte Testament*, pp. 158f; Jewish Encycl., s. v. Nimrod; Preisendanz, *Pauly-Wissowa*, RE XVII, 627.

[27]Quote is from Jasher VII, 24-30; others given in *Jewish Encycl. loc. cit.*; cf. Jeremias, *loc. cit.*

[28]A. von Gall, *Basileia tou Theou* (Heidelberg: 1926, p. 330, citing II Enoch xxii, 8.

[29]Robert Eisler, *Iesous Basileus ou Basileusas* (Heidelberg: 1930) II, 33-38. Eisler (p. 33) cites the tradition that John the Baptist wore the garment of raw skin ('or, Gen. III:21) in place of the original garment of light ('or) worn before the fall; various early cults, forbidding the slaying of animals, changed the skin garment into a hair garment, id. II, 16, 34, 118f, cf. F. Dieterici, (ed.), *Thier und Mensch* (Leipzig:1881), pp. 22, 97.

[30]Joh. Chrysostome, *Homil. in Mat. X:4*, in *Patrol. Graec.* LVIII, 1880 & 1892; this and the anon. Life of John the Baptist are both cited in Eisler II, 36, n. 6. According to the *Book of Jubilees* (2nd century B.C.) (ed. R. H. Charles) III, 30f, ". . . to Adam he (God) gave a covering for his shame. . . . On this account it is prescribed on the heavenly tablets as touching all those who know the judgment of the law, that they should cover their shame, and should not uncover themselves as the gentiles uncover themselves."

[31]Eisler, *op. cit.* II, 78-81; Josephus, *Antiquities* III, 182-7, cf. Eusebius, *Eccl. Hist.* I, vi.

[32]Eisler, *op. cit.* II, 35, 78, 109f; A. von Gall, *op. cit.*, pp. 330-2, cit. Baruch Apoc. c.iv; Enoch LXII, 15; II Enoch XXII, 8; Rev. III:4f; VI:11; the Mandaeans believed the garment of John the Baptist would be given to all who were admitted to salvation (Eisler, II, 33), cf. *Odes of Solomon* xxv, 8; and the 2nd-century Apostolic writing published by C. Schmidt, *Gespräche Jesu mit seinen Jüngern* (Leipzig: 1919), p. 72. Related to the *baptismi vestamentum* of the Early Christians, Tertullian, *De Baptismo* xiii, in *Patrol. Lat.* I, 1323 (1215).

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[33]By an extremely common type of transposition, *simlah* of Gen. IX:23 could very easily stand for an original *tsimlah*, a copy, imitation, pattern or *salmah*, a garment or mantle as in Mic. 2:8. Even as it stands *simlah* means only a *woven* garment and can hardly refer to the original skin article.

[34]See above n. 21; cf. J. Poplicha, "The Biblical Nimrod and the Kingdom of Eanna," *Journal of the Am. Oriental Soc.* XLIX (1929), 304.

[35]Abraham 1:26-27. Abraham's refusal to make the exchange was the real reason for his being expelled from Egypt, according to apocryphal writers. According to a very old tradition, Pharaoh coveted the priesthood of Moses exactly as his ancestor Nimrod did that of Abraham, Dieterici, *Thier u. Mensch*, p. 112; It was said that the Pharaohs of Egypt dressed in a skin garment "to show that their origin was older than time itself," A Wünsche, *Salomons Thron und Hippodrom* (*Ex Oriente Lux* ii), p. 26.

[36]*Jewish Encyclop.* IX 309: "When the animals saw Nimrod clad in them, they crouched before him so that he had no difficulty in catching them."

[37]Jasher XXVII, 2ff.

[38]Above n. 36; Egyptian priests, royalty, and the dead were all clothed in the classic skin garment of the Egyptian priesthood in *Jnl. of Eg. Archaeol.* XVI (1930), 173. The *kaunakes* of the Sumerians was a heavy skin garment wholly unsuited to the climate of Babylonia and has for that reason been taken as proof that the Sumerians came from the North, Moret, *Hist. de l'Orient*, I, 21, n. 81; vs. G. Barton, "Whence Came the Sumerians?" *Jnl. Am. Or. Soc.* XLIX (1929), 263. M. R. James, *The Apocryphal New Testament* (Oxford: 1924) p. 413, cf. p. 411, on "the garment of the King of Kings." In 1939 an amber statuette was found showing the King of Assyria wearing the insignia of the Jewish High Priest, *Illustrated London News*.

[39]In later times the Egyptian priest wore "no real leopard-skin but a close-fitting coat of fine linen in the form of a leopard-skin, "H. R. Hall in *Jnl. Eg. Archaeol.* XVI, 1, cf. T. J. C. Baly, "The Opening of the Mouth," *Jnl. Eg. Arch.* XVI, 173. The Syrian Christians said that the garment given to Adam was of cotton, the "skin" of the tree," (Eisler, *op. cit.* II, 34); this doctrine they say, was known only to Moses "who called cotton 'skin' because among trees it takes the place of skin"; hence the idea that John the Baptist took his clothes from trees. The Jews retained traces of the older garment in their phylacteries and in the Sisith, the four strings that every Jew once had on the edge of his garment, see F. J. Stephens, "The Ancient Significance of Sisith," *Jnl. Bibl. Lit.* L (1931), 59ff. Compare the Irham of the Moslems (J. L. Burckhardt, *Travels in Arabia* (London: 1829), I, 104f; 163f).

[40]Eisler, *op. cit.* II, 34, n. 11 for references.

[41]Among traditions of the dispersion, that story is not lacking of the righteous man whose language was *not* changed. Certain rabbis, says Bar Hebraeus, *Chron.* ed. Budge I, 8f, teach that "the Hebrew was preserved with Abher (Eber), for he was a righteous man and did not agree to the building of the tower." This theory is necessary to defend the belief, popular among the Jews, that Hebrew is the language of paradise. The Book of Ether is much more realistic.

[42]Book of Jubilees VIII, 9.

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First, cut out the print into a rectangular piece a half inch longer than the box and an inch wider than the box measures around the outside. Be sure to cut so that the printed pattern will show up to advantage when it is wrapped around the box. The top edge of the material should be turned under about one-fourth inch and neatly stitched down.

Second, apply paste all over the outside of the box (wallpaper paste is fine and is easiest applied with a brush), and carefully mount the material on it. Top edge of the material should fit right below the space occupied by the lid when the lid is in place. Mount the covering gradually and tightly around the container and smooth away blisters with a soft, dry cloth or old clothes-brush. Third, brush paste over bottom of box, fold over edges of material, and paste them down.



To give the bottom of the box a finish, cut out a circular piece of material the same size as the bottom of the box. Hem it neatly and glue it on, making sure that it covers well the rough edges pasted under.

While it is drying, you can work on the lid. It must have a small round hole, about an inch in diameter, cut in the center of it to accommodate the knitting needles, and through which yarn may be pulled while knitting. Reinforce this opening with gummed cloth tape or some other tape that can be glued on. The lid may be enameled, inside and out, in a color that will match the rest of the box, or it may be covered with the print used on the box.

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Next, punch a small hole in each side of the box, about a half inch below where the lid fits. Cut two small cardboard reinforcements for these holes, each about the size of a fifty-cent piece, and punch similar holes in the center of each one. Glue them on inside of box, making sure holes in box and reinforcements match.

Finally, apply two coats of clear shellac all over inside and outside of box and lid (especially if wallpaper is the covering used; cloth covers may be left unshellaced, if desired). After shellac is dry, thread heavy cord through the holes and knot the ends on the inside. The knitting box is now ready for use.



A HONEY OF A STORY





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*Knott, E. M., Shukers, C. F., Schlutz, F. W., "The Effect of Honey upon Calcium Retention in Infants." *Journal of Pediatrics* 19, 485-494, 1941.



KEEP COLOR IN MIND!

By Louise Price Bell

WE have all heard the expression that "we eat with our eyes as well as our mouths" . . . and it is an actual fact that tempting food appeals to us much more if it is well-arranged and—most of all—colorful. Take the dinner plate shown, for instance. Can't you almost see how dramatic it must look with the deep red beets, the snowy-white cauliflower, the rich green spinach, made even more colorful by the contrast of the attractively-cut lemon slice? Then the slices of bright red tomato, against the earthy-brown of the baked potato, with its snowy center dotted with golden-yellow butter and sprinkled with fire-red paprika, add just the right touch. When you are planning an especially gay food plate, keep color in mind.

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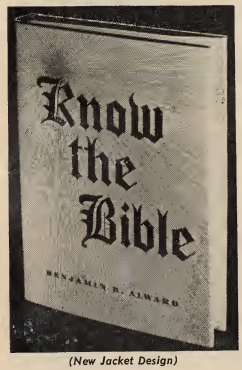
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Evaporated milk triples in volume when whipped. Though it whips very stiff, a little lemon juice added to it (if the lemon flavor is not objectionable) will cause the whip to hold for a longer time. When used in any recipe which calls for milk, evaporated milk will, of course, be diluted with an equal volume of water.

Here are a few recipes which illustrate some of its uses in food preparation:

Cheese and Olive Fondue

5 slices whole-wheat bread
2 tablespoons softened butter
½ cup sliced, stuffed olives
1 cup shredded cheese
3 eggs
1 tall can evaporated milk (1⅔ cups)
⅔ cup water
2 teaspoons grated onion
¼ teaspoon dry mustard

Spread bread with butter and cut into cubes. Place about half of bread cubes in bottom of baking dish 8 x 8 x 2 inches. Cover with layer of half the olives and cheese, then remaining bread cubes. Top with remaining olives

HAS MANY USES

and cheese. Beat eggs; add milk, water, onion, and mustard and pour over ingredients in baking dish. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 45 minutes. Serves 6.

Onion au Gratin Soup

2 bunches green onions
or 3 medium-sized dry onions, chopped
3 tablespoons butter
3 cups beef broth
2¼ cups evaporated milk
1 teaspoon salt
3 rolls (day-old) cut in halves, or 6 bread squares
1 cup grated cheese

Cook onions in butter for a few minutes, being careful not to brown them. Add broth and simmer until onions are tender. Add milk, salt, and pepper. Toast cheese on rolls or bread and place in bowls of soup. Serves 6.

Oatmeal Bread

1 cup evaporated milk, not diluted
1 cup quick cooking rolled oats (uncooked)
1 egg
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 cup sifted, fine whole wheat flour
1 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup raisins, chopped
2 tablespoons shortening, melted

Pour evaporated milk over rolled oats. Beat egg until light. Add sugar gradually and beat until fluffy. Add oat mixture and mix well. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder together into first mixture and stir until well blended. Stir in raisins and melted shortening. Pour into a greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 50 minutes to 1 hour. Makes one loaf 8½ x 4½ x 2½ inches.

Pumpkin Pudding

3 eggs
2 cups pumpkin pulp
2 cups evaporated milk (not diluted)
¾ cup dark brown sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon vanilla

Beat eggs. Add other ingredients. Beat 2 minutes. Pour in baking dish and set in pan of hot water. Bake in moderately-low oven (325°) for about 1½ hours, or until firm. Serve warm or cold with whipped cream.

Fresh Orange Cake

2⅔ cups sifted, finely-ground whole-wheat flour
1 tablespoon baking powder

(*Concluded on following page*)



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EVAPORATED MILK HAS MANY USES

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup shortening
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1⅓ cups brown sugar
3 eggs, separated
½ cup orange juice mixed with
½ cup evaporated milk

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Cream shortening. Add orange rind. Add sugar gradually, and continue creaming until smooth and fluffy. Add egg yolks and beat 2 minutes. Add flour mixture alternately with the orange-milk mixture, beginning and ending with flour. Beat 20 seconds. Fold in egg whites that have been beaten until stiff but not dry. Pour into two 9-inch round layer pans which have been greased, bottoms lined with waxed paper, and greased again. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 25 minutes. Cool layers in pans 5 minutes, then run spatula around sides and turn layers out on cooling rack.

STORAGE FOODS—for Meals, for Snacks—for Good Nutrition

(Lessons in Eating

for young people away from home)



IN THE hurry and worry of getting to meetings, school parties, or studying a prescribed number of hours, the problem of keeping food on hand for snacks, lunches, or quick meals becomes a real one for many young people. Too often they solve it by eating a hamburger and French fries, or by opening a can of soup and a jar of preserves. These items may be all right on occasion but when they become a daily habit, deficiency symptoms and an acid condition are bound to develop sooner or later. All too frequently the young person away from home will breakfast on hot rolls and cocoa or lunch on a candy bar and root beer—sugar-rich, foods that are destined to ruin many a stomach.

—*A Lambert Photo*



While fresh food is much preferred, it's a good idea to have other food in the apartment that is easy to prepare and will keep without refrigeration. It's a good idea, too, to have something wholesome around for evening snacks, something to help overcome the candy and soft drink habit which only creates an appetite for more sweets. We might suggest a snack shelf in the pantry to be equipped with:

(a) Dried fruits: dates, raisins, prunes, figs. These may be ground, mixed together, and formed into balls for a delicious candy that stores well. Add nuts, too! Why starve on commercial candies that are chiefly sugar, when dried fruits provide the calcium, iron, and A and B vitamins to nourish the nervous system and blood stream? For a sandwich spread that stores well, chop or grind and mix well ½ pound pitted dates, ½ cup walnuts, ¼ pound figs. When it is to be used, mix with fruit juice or cream.

(b) Nuts: almonds, Brazils, hazelnuts, peanuts, and others which

(*Continued on page 762*)



Boy Scouts find complete Scout News every Saturday in the Deseret News

Here in the Mountain West where there are more Boy Scouts per capita than any other part of the nation the Deseret News considers Scout news important.

The Deseret News is the only paper in the West to devote a page each week to news of scouting activities. This is another example of how the Deseret News appeals to the interests of all its readers. This appeal to the interest of boys in this age group is another reason why the Deseret News has become known as the Mountain West's family newspaper.

The Scout page appears in the Deseret News every Saturday. Read it for timely news of happenings and future events in scouting activities.

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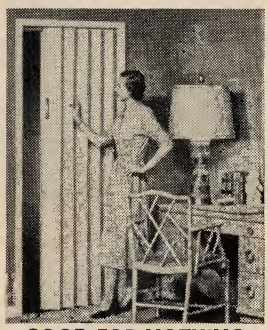
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Storage Foods

(*Continued from page 760*)

are fresh—not cooked in oil. Nuts provide protein and B vitamins.

(c) Crackers: graham wafers, whole-wheat sodas (so-called), Wheat Thins, Triscuits, whole-wheat Fig Newtons. There are many cracker and cookie combinations on the market today which are chiefly white flour, sugar, and fat, with little or no vitamin-mineral value. They should be eaten very sparingly.

(d) Popcorn

(e) Cheese spreads, peanut butter

(f) Honey, molasses

(g) Fruit juices: apple, grape, pineapple, grapefruit, orange, tomato, and others that are canned without added sugar. It is sometimes more economical to buy the small cans that can be used immediately, as the juices must be kept cool after opening. Fresh citrus fruits keep well in winter and are more desirable than canned fruits.

Storage Foods

Dried foods, canned foods, and frozen foods are all available in variety today, and although they should not form the bulk of the diet, they have found a place in most family menus. Specific suggestions include:

Dried Foods:

(a) Peas: whole and split peas

(b) Beans: navy, kidney, lima, soy

(c) Lentils and garbanzos (chick-peas)

(d) Dried fruits: apples, apricots, and others

(e) Corn and popping corn.

These will keep in the package for some time, but if to be kept for a year or two, they are best stored in jars to keep out weevils.

Canned Foods:

(a) Evaporated milk

(b) Soup: especially bean or pea, as these provide protein

(c) Honey, molasses

(d) Beans

(e) Fruit juices (see snack list)

(f) Meat

(g) Fish

(h) Fruit and vegetables: to be used moderately, chiefly when fresh foods are unavailable.

Canned food, if bought in small

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quantity and used and replenished over a three- or four-week period, can be kept in any available place. For longer keeping, it should be placed where it is cool, away from heated pipes in winter and sun's heat in summer. Canned milk will keep for a year, if kept cool. Those who have access to basements for storing food can plan to keep a bag of potatoes and onions; a box of apples; a sand bin or can of carrots, beets, turnips, etc. Students may have much of this food sent from home; young marrieds who are settled for a year or two would do well to consider some storage plan for economy's sake as well as for convenience.

The freezing method of preservation retains more mineral and vitamin values in food than canning, but of course necessitates use of a freezer compartment for storage.

Cereals:

(a) Wheat: for whole or ground cereal, and for flour
(b) Rolled oats
(c) Corn meal (whole grain)
(d) Whole rice.

These can be kept in the package for some time, but long-term storage is best achieved in cans. Some packaged cereals (shredded wheat, puffed wheat, etc.) are whole grain and keep well, but food value has been lost in processing and storing. (See THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, Feb. 1951, p. 116, "Speaking of Whole Grains.") Those who wish to use modern packaged foods to some extent (dry cereals, cake mixes, etc.) should think seriously of keeping on hand for daily use supplements which can be added to food (or taken alone) to restore some of the natural qualities which have been lost. Wheat germ, rice polishings, soy powder, brewer's yeast, black molasses are some of these; they are best kept cool.



HANDY HINTS

Payment for Handy Hints used will be one dollar upon publication. In the event that two with the same idea are submitted, the one postmarked earlier will receive the dollar. None of the ideas can be returned, but each will receive careful consideration.

A good way to make leather and chamois gloves softer is to add a few drops of olive oil to the wash water. And each rinse water should have some soap in it.
D. B.
Ogden, Utah

Thoroughly cleanse an old discarded lipstick holder, and you have the perfect purse-container for bobby pins. By manipulating the bottom of the lipstick holder, you can raise the bobby pins, causing them to fan out, making them easily accessible for use.
R. G. M.
Alhambra, California

Old rubber overshoes will look like new gone over with liquid shoe polish (any color), let dry, then two coats of liquid floor wax.
J. E. W.
Burley, Idaho

If you must leave a small baby alone in a room soon after feeding, turn it on its side and see that the back of its head is higher than its mouth. If it should vomit, it will not choke but empty its mouth upon the folded diaper you have placed under its head.
F. S. A.
St. George, Utah

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PENCIL LEAD BULLETS

(*Continued from page 725*)

mountains splotched with light, and shadow; this in contrast to the fog of low-hung, wind-driven clouds which had persisted for two days.

The snow had melted on the lower hills but still capped the higher peaks. Soggy, slippery ground sucked at a person's heels in the low places.

I huddled on the rock, cold, hungry, and discouraged. My rifle lay across my lap while I hugged my knees in an effort to keep warm. The day and the hunting season were almost over, and I had yet this day to see a buck, much less shoot at one.

...and We Shall Understand

RICHARD L. EVANS

PERHAPS we are all acutely aware, and somewhat troubled at times, at the seeming injustices and unexplained adversities and unanswered questions of life. Our questioning may be caused by someone who has lived what to us seems to be a good and sound and sensible life, who becomes seriously ill, or who has some undeserved setback, or meets tragic misfortune. There are so many such questions: What of people born with handicaps? What of those who are injured by the actions of others? What of those who are taken at a time when they seem to us to be needed most? What of those whose service is cut exceedingly short while some live longer than they sometimes seem to want to live? What of promising young people who are taken in the years of their youth? What of cherished children who are suddenly seized by illness or accident? When we see what can occur that we cannot readily reconcile, our souls sometimes cry out in questioning as to why such things are permitted to be so. Why? We could speculate perhaps upon a thousand possible answers without being certainly sure we had the right one. But as to these and all other unanswered questions—of which there are many—as to all of them: We must have faith. And as to all of them perhaps we should once more remind ourselves that life is a process and not an ultimate end—a journey and not a destination. It is a reaching for, but not an ultimate arrival. If life were bounded by birth and death, the seeming injustice of some of the daily happenings we see would never for us find adequate explanation. But sometime at some turn in the eternal journey, with a just God watching over all, we shall understand all that is not now understood. And when we know, the answer will seem to us to be as simple as the answer to some things we now know, which once were not understood. And we shall be satisfied and shall come to the quiet conviction that, having done our best, we can leave what we cannot do or cannot change in the hands of a kind and just and merciful Father, and not be bitter about those who receive more or less from life than they seem to deserve.

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, AUGUST 19, 1951

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Thinking to help the situation by moving around again, I unbent my stiffened form and walked a little way up the ridge. Then things began to happen.

There was a crash as a heavy body struck the underbrush in a grove below. A quaking aspen snapped, and a magnificent buck splashed up toward the pass which I had just vacated. I was screened from the buck's view by a service-berry bush as he plunged past, his flying hooves splattering mud to either side.

"'The Rocking Chair'," I said aloud. "Boy, what a deer!" The rifle flew to my shoulder—and dropped. Instead of shooting, I just watched him run.

I dropped the gun to the ground and ran to the crest of the hill, clawing at my pocket for a stub pencil and an old envelope. Standing with my feet spread and my heart pounding, I scribbled hurriedly in a mad effort to get a drawing of the deer before it reached the pines. Then with a start I remembered Joe.

The deer was hardly out of sight, and I could still hear him crashing through the trees when Joe stumbled up the hill behind me. He was all out of breath, mud-smeared. His eyes bulged.

"Did you see him? What a head! Didn't you get a shot? Which way'd he go?"

The questions, except for breath punctuations, fairly tumbled over each other.

I tried to hide the envelope, but Joe spotted it in my hand.

"Of all the fools!" Joe choked for lack of words, his mouth working, his hands hanging incredulously at his sides. Then he started over.

"Of all the idiots I ever saw, you top the lot. I've walked my legs off clean up to the knees tryin' to give you a shot at a deer, and when the granddaddy of them all nearly runs over you, you draw *pictures* of him." Joe choked again momentarily. Then there was more, in which the acid of his sarcasm completely dissolved me. Finally the squall passed, and he said:

"Let's pull freight."

We slipped and slid back to camp in silence. Joe led. I followed.

(*Continued on following page*)

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Pencil Lead Bullets

(*Continued from preceding page*)

I could sense anger and disgust in his every step.

When we came to the ridge above camp, it was beginning to get dusk. Ross and Red had left in Red's car. Red had taken Joe's deer with him.

We loaded the equipment into the trailer and secured the soggy tent as a tarp over the top. Joe drove the Model A, and with me at the rear, grunting, slipping, and pushing in the wet clay, we finally gained the firmer footing of the graveled road.

With an angry twist of the wheel Joe turned the ancient Ford onto the road, and I climbed silently into the seat beside him. As we made a sharp bend in the canyon, we almost ran broadside into "Old Rocking Chair" buck, which stood for an instant across the road.

Joe brought the car to a stop with a jerk which almost threw me through the windshield. Both of us piled out of the car and fought clothing and other equipment which covered the guns in the rear seat.

Joe was the first to clear his gun, and thrusting a cartridge into the breech, he took a hasty shot at the deer as it plunged through the willows which fringed the small stream.

The sound of the running deer did not stop, and we stood there for a few seconds, listening. The sounds from the fleeing deer came to an abrupt halt after the first few jumps, and I found my voice.

"I believe you hit him. It sounded like it."

Both of us jumped the stream and rushed through the willows through which the deer had gone. Willows slapped our faces. We ran half blindly in the direction taken by the buck.

Joe, in the lead, took a sprawling, headlong fall over something large in his path. His rifle flew from his hands as he fell.

The hurdle Joe had failed to clear rose up from the ground with a coughing grunt. I ran into it before I could stop.

"The buck!" I yelled, as I crashed into its hind quarters.

With another gurgling grunt the wounded deer charged the prostrate Joe, who with his wind knocked

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out of him had been unable to rise. Joe threw himself over on his back and raised his legs in an attempt to protect his body from the murderous antlers and hooves. The prongs of the buck's antlers passed on each side of Joe into the ground. Joe clutched at the antlers and held himself against the deer's head, thus saving himself.

The deer shook his head violently, with Joe still hanging desperately onto the antlers, and again plunged in an attempt to pinion the man to the muddy ground. The breath went out of Joe in a rush.

The deer reared back to slash with his hooves, but my rifle finally had found its voice. The buck collapsed as the life went out of him.

I threw myself at Joe's side and fairly shouted, "Joe! Are you hurt?"

Joe rolled his head, gasped for breath, and looked up at me, with a sickly grin on his face.

"His stickers missed me, and I don't think he busted any bones. Thank goodness for once you weren't shootin' *pencil lead* bullets!"

These Times

(*Concluded from page* 690)

somewhere between Kaesong and Taejon, and who hadn't had a bet placed on him, either.

* * * * *

The gospel doctrine classes will keep on discussing the teachings of the Book of Mormon each Sunday morning, with most of us, during October, talking as if we knew what was in that book. The quorums will continue unraveling the threads of volume VII of the Church History, and, if they hurry, may beat Brigham Young to Winter Quarters by December 5, 1847, when the First Presidency was reorganized. (But most of them will have to hurry—especially to keep up with Brigham, any time, anywhere.) And, of course, the new batch of Special Interest Class leaders in the M.I.A.'s will be scrambling to collect the biggest roster of outside talent to charm and woo the busy Latter-day Saint into a Tuesday or Wednesday evening Mutual; and, they will be a little discouraged, as usual, but "will all press on." More and more of the rest of us will be at home, conducting a special interest session with TV. And as we see a 1936 film, we will wonder how on earth the people got along in that far-off, distant New Deal heydey with so little government. This, may be October 1951, in these times.

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Your Page AND OURS

EDITORS' NOTE: The two letters following present two different viewpoints. We think you'll be interested in them.

Santaquin, Utah

Dear Editors:

LAST year my husband and I both taught school in San Diego, California. Before we accepted these positions, we deliberated for some time. We were afraid to go so far away from the main stem of the Church. Our fears were unwarranted. We found out that no matter where you are in the world you can live your religion if you really have the desire and faith.

We lived in the Pacific Beach Ward. We will always be indebted to Bishop Grant Hodgson and all the members for their kindness, companionship, and sincerity.

But I believe our main link with the Church was THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. We feel that it is the one magazine we can read knowing the material is sincere and truthful.

Sincerely,
/s/ Ruth Wasden

Ogden, Utah

Dear Editors:

AT VARIOUS intervals I have taught in Mutual, Primary, and Sunday School; and I also became a Golden Gleaner. Later I moved to California, and I became very inactive. Therefore, I can speak almost as an outsider. I don't believe the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is advertised enough in Los Angeles. We were there three months before we finally found someone who knew where there was an L. D. S. Church. I even searched the church sections of several newspapers and found nothing. It seems that the majority of these people have heard of us, but they didn't realize we were there in their city. Do they have a program of sending out ward teachers? I was in Burbank and Los Angeles a year and a half and I never saw an L. D. S. missionary or ward teacher in my neighborhood at all.

I believe THE IMPROVEMENT ERA would be a wonderful medium for reaching the people who are of another religious sect. Wouldn't it be nice for each member to give a subscription as a gift to someone who is a non-member. My mother-in-law sent the first copy I have ever had in my home as a gift last year. It was the conference edition and it was so inspiring that I immediately subscribed for it. On the very day I received my June issue, one of my Protestant friends started asking a question or two and those very subjects just happened to be stressed in the ERA, so I ran over and got it and read two items to her and her husband. Now she has started reading the Book of Mormon.

This Christmas, for gifts, why don't we all give subscriptions to THE IMPROVEMENT ERA? Personally, I think it will be of more value over the years than anything else in the world.

Sincerely,
Jean Hedges Hall

Co. Dublin, Ireland

Dear Sirs:

WE HAD a present of a year's subscription 1948-49, and we are nearing the end of a similar present for 1950-51. We have always had great pleasure in reading them, and they have answered many questions about your Church which have come into our minds from time to time.

We are leaving Ireland next month, and our emigration has been made possible by the sponsorship of our Los Angeles relations who are, of course, members of your Church. It is no small undertaking to sponsor the immigration of a family of four, and it should be a lesson in unselfishness to all—no matter what their religion.

Wishing you continued success,
Yours sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Attwooll

Hongchon, Korea

Dear Editors:

I RECEIVED the May issue of the ERA yesterday. I would like to thank you for your efforts in getting THE IMPROVEMENT ERA out here in Korea. The wonderful stories and editorials are inspiring and out here in Korea all soldiers could use the same advice and knowledge which lie within its pages.

My favorite reading is "The Spoken Word" by Richard L. Evans.

Thanks again and may God continue to bless us with such clean and eternal knowledge.

Respectfully yours,
/s/ Sgt. William H. Jephson

Alpha, Washington

Dear Editors:

YOUR article tracing the history of the Los Angeles Temple lot was doubly interesting to me; once for the content, and a second time for the author, with whom I was corresponding before the war, about genealogy since he is my cousin through my great-grandfather, Edward Stevenson.

Sincerely,
/s/ Bert A. Dickson



MIA MAIDS FROM PAROWAN STAKE

Mrs. Nora Lund writes enthusiastically of her Mia Maids from Paragonah Ward, Parowan (Utah) Stake. She says: "I'm proud of my girls. I love M.I.A. work, as you can see. It's a challenge to every girl. I'm sure that the sixteen I am directing now will all be Silver Gleaners, and many will be Golden Gleaners. They were all Honor Bees, filled the Mia Maid requirements, and they already have a good start toward Silver Gleaners."

They are, first row, left to right: Ida Talbot, Lois Guyman, Rayma Thornton, Doris McBride, Jacklyn Robb, Betty Jean Lund. Second row, Anna Talbot, Nora Lund, Mia Maid leader; Esther Robb, Jennie Dunton, Larie Hunt, and Shirley Robinson.

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